Dreams of the
Heart
A Dark Vampire
Romanc

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Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance)

By onlyoneamy

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Chapter 1

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter One

Hey Dudes and Dudettes! Okay, so this is my first story. I've been planning it for quite a while now... I hope you all enjoy it. Dont forget to Vote if you like it and leave me comments xxx

Chapter One

As I stepped out into the cold night, I breathed a long sigh of relief.

Another busy night at Sinners, the bar I work at almost every night, was heaving with young adolescents, hell bent on getting drunk and getting laid. Don't get me wrong, I like to let loose and have a good time... sometimes, but having lads pissed out

their heads, coming onto you all night long, while their mates egg them on is... draining.

When I started working at Sinners, I was fresh out of college, didn't know what to do with my life and needed money. I was always up for a party, loved going out with my friends and having fun.

But lately, I just don't know... My life just isn't exciting or rewarding. I wake up and follow the same routine... shower, breakfast, visit my friend Willow at work, go round my brother's house, go home and chill, off to work, then bed... I know right, boring!

Life for me sucks right now!

I started towards the staff parking, behind the bar. Tonight was dark, cold and creepy. The street lamps where flashing on and off, there was a chill in the air that set the hairs on my neck on end and there were no stars, a pure black blanket of nothingness coated the sky. I shivered and walked faster, putting my hands in the pockets of my coat.

I could hear the sounds of laughing and shouting behind me, drunken youths heading off into the

night. Someone shouted "Hey baby, want some company?" and laughed. I walked faster still. 'Almost there Elena... Just a bit further and you'll be at your car' I thought to myself.

"Hey, I asked you a question... Want some company?" The man shouted into the night. He sounded closer.

'He doesn't mean you... He's seen a girl on the street... Just keep walking...'

Someone grabbed my arm and pulled me to a stop. I turned my head to see a man. He looked young, older than me, but not by much, maybe 25? He would have been quite handsome, had it not been for the redness around his blue eyes, or the dampness of his blonde hair. Damp hair? Someone had puked on him, or he'd missed the target. He was swaying from side to side slightly, his long legs keeping him upright... for now.

He looked at me was a flirtatious grin. "Hey baby... I seen you in Sinners didn't I? Yeah, your that pretty thing that works behind the bar... Want to come back to my place?"

"No. Thank you." I really didn't want to deal with this right now. I just wanted to go home and eat my weight in Ben and Jerry's.

"Come on baby... You wont regret it, promise." He tried to lean into me then, trailing his hand down my arm to capture my hand in his.

I pushed him away. "I said no. Now please, leave me alone... I don't want trouble."

He looked taken aback for a moment before stepping toward me again, grabbing both my arms. "Don't be like that baby... I'll treat you good, You might even enjoy yourself." And pulled me closer, our faces separated by no more than an inch. The smell of beer and cigarette's drifted into my face.

I tried to push him away again, but failed. I leaned back, to escape the smell at least. "Please... I said no. Let go of me." I looked into his face, my expression that of refusal.

He didn't like that. Not at all. "You don't tell me no! No one does! You will let me kiss you now and enjoy it!" He took one hand off my arm to roughly grab my

head. He pulled my face closer to his once more. His lips met mine roughly. I tried to pull my head back, tried to turn my face away, but he held my head too fiercely.

The taste of his mouth made my stomach churn. I wanted desperately to escape, but he was too strong. He backed me up into a wall, my back hitting the cold brick with such force, a pain exploded in the back of my head and my back. His hand went from my arm to explore my body. My neck, my shoulders, my chest. I squirmed in his grip, tried to separate our faces just long enough to scream. His touch was hard, too rough against my soft skin.

He slipped then. His face came away from mine for a moment. That was all I needed. I screamed as loud as my lungs would permit. "HELP ME SOMEBODY!!! PLEASE HELP M-" My words were cut off as his calloused dirty hand clamped my mouth closed.

"You do that again, you fucking bitch, and you'll regret it! Got it?!" He stared into my eye's, pure undiluted rage lurked there. "GOT IT?!" I whimpered

but nodded. "Good." He replied, an evil smile curved his chapped lips.

I began to cry then. Tears gathering in my eyes, running streams down my cheeks. My breath coming in quick gasps. My legs shaking. My heart racing.

He unzipped my jacket and ripped it from my body, throwing it carelessly to the ground. His gaze travelled over my chest and stomach, leaving a dirty used feeling behind them. His hand came up to my chest, grabbing my breasts roughly. He sighed and reached for the bottom of my shirt. I protested and slapped his hands away, trying to step away from him.

He growled in anger, a menacing sound, that had me fearing for my health. He grabbed my shoulders and once again slammed me against the bricks. A cry of pain escaped my mouth, fresh tears slipped from my eyes. "You try that again, just once more, and you WILL NOT see tomorrow! Do you understand me?!" He roared in my face. I cried out again and began shaking my head side to side. "Please? Just let me go. I wont tell anyone, I swear" His answer to that was to

strike me across my cheek, a lingering sting of his hand. A loud snap erupted into the still night.

I began to cry harder, fear and dread leaked into my veins, a stream of immense emotion. I knew it then. I was not going to escape this. This wasn't my only punishment. More would follow and I believed it resulted in nothingness. Darkness. Death.

"I WILL DO THIS! YOU WILL NOT STOP ME!" He spat the words in my face, glaring into my eyes for maximum effect. I looked into his eyes, a plea of mercy lingered in my gaze. 'Please don't do this. Please just leave me.' The thoughts repeated through my mind over and over. He laughed coldly, yanking my top over my head, throwing the cloth over his shoulder. My bare upper body shielded only by the thin lace of my bra. The night air chilled my bones, freezing my limbs in place, goosebumps forming all over my skin.

"Oh, I'm gonna enjoy this... Really enjoy this."

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Chapter 2

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Two

I hope you all enjoyed the previous chapter... Remember, comments and Vote if you like =) xxx

Chapter Two

A dark cloud of fear closed in on me as the man before me licked his lips in expectation. His hands were once again travelling all over my body, seeking out every imperfection, every dip, every curve. His gaze went from my face to my lips. From my lips to my chest. From my chest to my hips. And lower.

'Why is this happening? What did I do? I don't deserve this. This can't be happening.' A constant chant running through my mind, replaying in my

head, tormenting me with questions I would never get answers to. My body felt dirty, contaminated. My heart felt shattered. My soul. Dead.

He went for the top button on my jeans, jerked the innocent material apart, revealing the top of my lace underwear. A moan of pleasure escaped his lips, his eyes, hooded. He kissed me, hard, his tongue demanded entry into my mouth. I clamped my mouth together, refusing. I heard him growl once again, a low fierce threat of pain, a promise of no mercy. I whimpered and relaxed my mouth, knowing I was only begging for more torment unless he got his wishes.

His tongue shot into my mouth, seeking every dark hole. He licked my tongue, my teeth, my cheeks, the roof of my mouth. He tasted even worse than before. The beer more prominent, the cigarette's more fowl. It was like a poison, a toxic potion of dark promises yet to be delivered.

His hand went from my face, travelled down my neck to my shoulder, to my breasts. He handled me roughly, without mercy or thought. From my breasts

to my flat stomach and to the top of my underwear. He moaned as his hand went further, handling me between my legs. I cried out in protest and jerked from his touch. He bit down on my my lower lip, an evil laugh formed from his mouth. "You may not like it, but I sure as hell do." He drawled, unzipping my jeans, giving him more access to my body.

I was shaking uncontrollably, my legs protesting my weight. I felt detached, like a witness to a horrible nightmare. My thoughts were unintelligible, making no sense to me. His touch was everywhere, roaming my body, contaminating me further.

I heard the sounds of distant music. Heavy metal. Trance. Rap. People leaving the nearby clubs and bars, heading home for the evening. Shouting. Singing. Cars travelling around the city. Cats going through nearby garbage bins. My heart beating erratically. His heavy breathing and moans of pleasure. I felt sick to my stomach.

My eyes were sealed tightly. I didn't want to watch as this drunk manhandled my body, invaded my world.

It was enough to feel it. I could feel his hands, his mouth, the night air.

His hands left my body for a moment and I heard a zipper. 'Oh no! It's happening! I don't want this! Please somebody stop this!' The words zoomed through my mind, a silent plea of mercy that were heard by no one but me. Then his hands were on me again, at my breast, pushing the innocent material aside, his hand clamped over my flesh, the other at my jeans once more. His hand was slipping into my underwear.

Then his touch was gone.

His heavy breathing disappeared.

The air stirred around me, a rush of electricity sizzled in the night. I open my eyes a fraction. A dark shape was a few feet from me, crouched in a pose for fighting. For defending. The drunk was on the ground before the huge shadow, whimpering and twitching. Blood pooled on the floor around his upper torso, an ocean of deep crimson. A large stain of blood coated his shirt over his stomach. I gaze focused on that area and found a deep tear in his

shirt, his stomach. My gut clenched in protest and I fell to the ground, collapsing in a heap on the dirty paving. I was dizzy, my mind turning in fast circles, like a roundabout in my mind.

I heard a cry of protest and the slash of metal flying through the air. A sharp sound. Silence. I stopped breathing, fear gripping me, tightening my throat. 'No no no... This isn't happening. This can't be happening.' The same thoughts, never ending plea's for this to be a dream. A different danger now.

I heard heavy footsteps, closing in on me. I whimpered and tightened into a fetal position. I didn't know what felt worse. The knowledge that I was about to be raped, my body used for another person's pleasure. Or this unknown shadow closing in on me.

"Are you okay?" A deep, husky voice permitted the silence. It was a beautiful sound, enthralling. Sexy.

I looked up, but kept my position. The gaze that met mine was... hypnotic. Piercing teal green eyes, sparkling jewels, captured and held my gaze. The weren't warm. They were bottomless with pain and

despair. But the concern was etched in his face. His lips full. His nose straight. His jaw prominent. Perfection. Dark wisps of hair fell from his head. It fell to his jaw, straight. It glistened. Even with no stars or moonlight. Beautiful.

"Hey, are you okay? Did he hurt you?" That voice again. It created heat in my frozen veins, made my heart beat more ecstatically. My stomach tightened. Not in fear now, but expectation.

I opened my mouth, but no sound would come out. I tried again. Still no answer. I shook my head side to side, telling him I was okay. "Okay... That's good. Can I come closer? I want to check for myself, if that's okay?" He replied. He didn't move until I nodded in agreement.

He came closer, slowly, not making a simple move to scare me. His movements deliberate. He was next to me now. He bent down beside me and handed me my top, his gaze never leaving mine. It was damp and smeared with dirt after being dumped on the cold stone pavement. "You can't put this on. Let me get you your jacket,okay?" He asked.

"Y-yes... Thank you." I propped myself you on my arms, still shaking slightly. He turned away to pick up my jacket and I took it my appearance. My breast was revealed, so I quickly pulled my bra back into place, feeling disgusted as I did. My right arm was caked in brown dirt, smeared down my right hand side, down my ribs and stomach. My jeans were unzipped, my underwear still visible. I tried to zip them up, but it was broken, so I just pulled them together and buttoned them. I sat up straight as he turned back to me, jacket in his hand. He handed it to me.

"Thank you." As I put it on, I saw his look down at my stomach, my arms. Checking for bruises? I zipped it up and looked up at him again. His gaze was still on mine, his expression calmer. "Are you feeling okay?" He asked, his tone thick with concern. I just stared at him. I couldn't look away. My mind didn't process his words straight away. "Um... Yeah. I'm okay. Just a bit shook up" My voice sounded strange, weak, even to me.

"I can understand that. What you just went through was..." He paused, his gaze turned hard, dangerous. His eyes shone with fury. His mouth, a hard line. "Let me help you up, okay?" He reached his hand out to me, his skin looked smooth. I reached out, my hand shaking. 'What are you doing? You just got attacked and now your trusting this... man?' No. God. He was a God. I pressed my hand to his and he tightened his grip. He wasn't rough and he didn't hurt me, which was surprising. His aura screamed strength. Deadly strength... amongst other things.

We straightened and he loomed over me. He was extremely tall and very well built. His shoulders wide. His stomach rippled, hiding what I suspected to be a six pack. His black t-shirt strained against him. He wore black jeans and biker boots. A leather coat over his t-shirt, hung just below his hips.

His face turned confused. His eye's piercing my soul. He breathed deeply through his nose and exhaled slowly, his eyes hooded slightly. We were still holding each others hands, so he pulled me slightly towards him. I shivered in response and took in a sharp

breath. "I'm sorry." His tone low, his eyes dropping to the floor. He released my hand at once.

I looked at him closely. Taking a step towards him, slowly. "Who are you?" I asked, my voice awed.

"Dominic. My name is Dominic."

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Chapter 3

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Three

Enjoying? I hope so... I really am trying to write a great story... Hope I'm doing okay =) Vote and Comment me your thoughts xxx

Chapter Three

"I'm Elena... Thanks for helping me out." I shivered at the thought of what I'd just been through. Of hands all of my body, the drunk's mouth on mine, his tongue invading my mouth. The night seemed to get colder, darker and more chilling. Silence rang loudly in my ears, filling me with dread once again. I glanced to the now still form on the ground a few feet from where we were standing. He was flat on his

back, arms spread wide, face frozen in a mask of fear, eyes staring blindly into the night sky.

"What did you do?" My voice grew quiet, eyes darting to my feet, hands clamping down on my stomach. I'd never felt more nauseous in my whole life. Not after a night of drinking. Not after all the countless times I'd been hurt by friends. Not from the few boyfriends who'd left me because I wasn't 'what they were looking for'. I'd had my share of bad experiences, but this... this was a tough one to beat.

"Don't you worry about that." Dominic told me, glancing at the lifeless form, pure hatred coated his perfect features.

"But... You just murdered a man! Right here, in front of me! Don't tell me not to worry!" I took a step back, my hand going inside my pocket, fishing for my car keys. I found them and grasped them tightly in my palm, planning on running to my car as fast as I could if he tried anything. He might have been a walking talking God, but I'd just had the fright of my life and I was a little short on trust.

"I'm sorry... I didn't mean it like that. I just meant..." He looked away from my face, eyes blanketing themselves, hiding any secrets the held.

"Just meant what? You enjoy murdering people? You do it for sport? It turns you on? I gotta get out of here..." Hysteria was building inside me, making me say the things I was thinking, no thought about what I might be provoking inside him. I went to step around him, but he moved before me, holding up his hands.

"I can understand your frightened... angry... confused. But please, listen to me. I don't 'get off' killing people and I certainly don't do it for sport." Dominic looked at me, searching my face, looking for something. Acceptance? Fear? Disgust?

"So what, your a cop? You work for the police?" I asked. I relaxed a degree, the shaking fading, my breathing slowing.

He looked down, silent for a second, then glanced back to my face. "Not exactly." When he saw me about to question him again, he held up a hand to silence me. "Wait. It is my job to protect people, who

can't protect themselves. It's my job to ensure the innocent are safe and the guilty..." His words faded, but I didn't need him to tell me what he meant. Dominic exuded power... authority. A lethal predator. But I felt surprisingly safe now. He may have just butchered a man in front of me, but he had stopped the drunk from attacking me, raping me and most probably ending my life.

"Am I safe with you? Your not going to hurt me?" I needed to know. My heart told me I was safe, but my head was screaming to run. To get home, lock my doors, my windows, jump in bed and pull the quilt over my head.

Dominic stepped towards me then, a slow movement, his gaze holding mine. He reached out a hand and rested it on my upper arm. I flinched in response, but didn't step back. "I will not hurt you. Your safe with me Elena." His face was serious, eyes piercing my soul, ensuring me that what he said was true.

"Okay... Thank you." I relaxed and released a slow breath. I glanced around me, seeking out my car. "I would like to leave now..."

He grasped my arm tighter, not enough to hurt and turned us toward the car park. We walked in silence. I glanced up at him a couple times, but his face was set in stone, no emotions showing on his face at all. He looked at me then and I turned away, blushing slightly at being caught.

"Are you sure your alright?" He asked, stopping us beside my black Renault. He captured my gaze again and held it. I was unable to look away, hypnotised by his power, his strength, his beauty.

"Um... Yeah... Yeah, I'm fine." He stared into my face a second longer and then released my eyes. "Good, I'm glad."

I looked at my car, wondering how we had got here. "How did... How did you know this was my car?" I asked, taking out my keys and unlocking the door.

"I didn't, but I guessed. And I was right." He chuckled, the sound relaxing me further. I found myself taking a step towards him. "Oh..." I breathed, searching his face. His eyes were liquid heat, melting my bones. His lips parted slightly. I breathed in his aroma. It

was amazing. Masculine. He smelt like leather... of woodland.

Dominic looked at me, his gaze turned hooded. He leaned forward and breathed in. His head sagged slightly and he sighed. He stepped back, not far, but enough to be able to look into my face, his gaze falling to my lips.

"Will you be okay getting home? Would you like me to escort you?"

'Please! Drive me home... Walk me to my flat... Tuck me in bed... Join me there...'

These thoughts ran through my mind, a constant loop. They appealed to me, a lot more than they should, but I'd been through a lot tonight. I needed to go home, to take a long, hot shower, to be alone. "Thanks Dominic, but I'll be fine..." He nodded and stepped back, releasing me.

I turned to the door and opened it, stepping inside my car.

"Um... About what happened. The man... What he was doing..." His face froze in hatred, his body

tensed. "Thank you... For what you did. I don't think I'd have survived if..." My words travelled off, my mind imagining the scene. He pain. The helplessness. The anguish.

"It's what I do." He growled low, his eyes frozen emeralds. "Stay safe... Elena." He shut me inside my car then. The door closing made me jump. The silence inside the car was overwhelming. Fear prickled all over my body again and my breathing turned to quick little gasps. Dominic bent down outside the door, looking into the car, seeking me out.

I turned and smiled weakly. His hand appeared on the glass as he returned the smile. "Take care of yourself" He mouthed. I nodded and mouthed back. "I will." I pulled on my seatbelt and put the key in the ignition. The purr of the engine was relaxing. I found myself melting into my seat slightly. I turned to look out the window again and met nothing by darkness. Dominic was gone. I looked around the empty car park, but there was no sight of him. I sighed and pulled out the space, heading home.

I watched Elena drive off into the night and felt empty. She was beautiful. A heart shaped face. Dark ringlet curls fell past her shoulders, down her back. Deep chocolate eye's had gazed out of a face so lovely, so intriguing, I'd felt myself being shackled. Full, plump lips, begging to be kissed. A nose, small and well proportioned to the rest of her face. Her body, even trembling from fear and the chilly night air, had been wonderful. Slender arms. Long legs. Flat stomach. Large breasts. My dark, cold heart had beat for the first time in... in forever. I hadn't felt so alive.

I breathed a sigh and my gaze fell to the motionless shape on the concrete. Fierce hatred seeped into my veins, heating me blood, boiling it. A guttural growl escaped my lips and I felt my lips parting, revealing my teeth. White. Straight.

I prowled over to the sorry excuse for a human. A waste of flesh. Of blood. I knelt down beside him and looked into his lifeless eyes. "You wont hurt anyone else again. After I'm through with you, your essence, your every existence, will be gone." I bent my head

down, towards his neck, zoning in on a prominent vein. My lips parted further still, the growl increasing in volume. I felt my teeth elongating, two sharps points, a promise of death. And then I bit through his flesh.

© Amy Sagar

Chapter 4

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Four

I hope everyone's well and getting into the story... My style of writing is weird, so hope your not put off =) Comments/criticism welcome. Vote if you like xxx

Chapter Four

Driving home, my thoughts were focused on one thing.

Dominic.

On his voice. His fragrance. His body.

He exhumed power, strength and above all, desire. His body, muscular in all the right places, tall and slender, told men to watch their backs around him...

and women to watch his. He didn't strike me as egotistical or big headed, but as the type of man that knew the effects he had on women.

He seemed, to me anyway, as solitary. Like he didn't need anybody or crave company very often. The reason I say this is because I'm the same.

I like to be alone. I'm fine to just sit at home on a Friday night and watch a film or read a good book. Being by myself is fine with me. Sometimes though, my friend, Willow, will force me out of the haven of my flat and brave the human race by going to a restaurant or to a club. I paint a smile on my face and do it, rather reluctantly, to please her. We last went out about three weeks ago. Which means pretty soon, she'll be planning a night out. Great.

As I pulled up in front of my flat, I searched all the shadows, looking for potential attackers. Or handsome hunks. I was still pretty shook up and my hands began trembling at the thought of leaving the safety of my car and heading to my front door..

I found my house keys in my inside jacket pocket. I took a deep breath, took off my seat belt and exited the car.

The night was still chilly. Still dark. Still an air of unease. Few of the building lining the street had lights on and I wondered what the time was. I glanced at my watch. 1:27am. Jeez.

I usually finish work around 1:00am, so the time took me by surprise. It had felt like a lifetime, as the drunk man had handled me. I shivered at the memory. ' I hope I get over this soon.' I thought to myself as I approached my door.

As I was unlocking it, I felt eyes on my back. I don't know how I knew someone was watching me, I just did. I turned towards the street and scanned the shadows. Nothing. I relaxed for a second, then a dog barked from one of the neighbours houses, scaring me silly.

I spun round and stormed into the flat, slamming the door and locking it in the process. I stood there for a moment, leaning against it, steadying my heart beat and breathing.

I turned on the living room light and dropped my keys in the bowl on the table. I glanced at my phone. Two missed calls. One was from my brother, Stephen. I'd call him in the morning. The other was from Willow. I already knew what she wanted. Crap.

I sighed and walked into the kitchen, grabbed a mug from the cupboard and a sachet of my favourite hot chocolate. Mint. Yummy. I turned on the kettle and emptied the sachet into the mug. The smell of chocolate and mint erupted in my nose. It was heaven. The perfect pick me up to the night from hell.

I poured the boiling water into the mug and stirred it. Next was the squirty cream and little mini marshmallows. I breathed in the smell again and sighed in comfort. I took the mug, turned off the light and walked into my room.

It was perfect. Just my style. Black and red patterned walls, a cream carpet with a huge black rug in the centre of the room. My dark wood desk help my laptop, Ipod dock and phone. Shelves filled with music, books and movies lines the far wall. A set of

drawers were in the corner of the room, next to my small, but well organised, walk in wardrobe. And my large queen sized bed, with my red sheets and black throw made the room.

I walked over to my bed and placed my hot chocolate on the side table. Walking over to my set of drawers, I took out some clean underwear, a white tank top and black shorts and fluffy socks. First things first. I needed a shower.

I washed the feel of the drunks hands off my body and enjoyed the heat of the wwater. It cleansed me. Wiped away the feeling of dirtiness and disgust from my body. My hair, I hadn't noticed before, was matted with dirt and mud. I used my favourite coconut shampoo and lathered my hair. As I stepped out, I felt relatively normal. Like me again.

I towelled myself dry and and dressed for bed. I stood in front of the mirror and took in my appearance.

My face was warm, bright. My checks a nice rosy colour. My lips full. Slightly swollen from the man's attack on my mouth. My nose small. A button in the

centre of my face. My eyes were a nice shade of brown. Chocolaty, but they were cold to me. Hard. They'd lost their sparkle.

I looked away and sighed. 'This would take a while to recover from' I though, picking up my brush and doing my hair. Brown curls fell down my back and over my shoulders. I'd always loved my hair, and refused to straighten it, even when girls had teased me about it being 'frizzy' or 'untamed'. I liked it that way.

I walked out to my room and turned on my lamp, settling into bed I relaxed against the pillows. I picked up my mug and drank it all. I meant to savour the taste. The favour. But I couldn't stop myself. The warmth was pleasant. It heated my bones. I set the mug aside and snuggled further under the covers.

As I closed my eyes and willed sleep to come, my mind travelled to thoughts of Dominic. 'I wonder what he's doing. Where he is. If he's thinking of me.' I forced that thought out of my mind and breathed deeply.

I caught the scent of leather and grass, a wonderful aroma and drifted off to sleep, dreams focussed on my dark and mysterious hero.

© Amy Sagar

Chapter 5

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Five

Chapter Five

I woke up to my phone ringing, the shrill cry hurting my ears. I leaped blindly from the warmth comfort of my bed and reached my phone. I answered without glancing at the Caller I.D.

"Hello?" My voice was thick and raspy. I cleared my throat and wiped at my eyes, clearing the nights sleep from them.

"Elena? Are you okay? I didn't wake you did I?" Willow asked. I groaned internally, hating to think what this conversation meant.

"Um, yeah actually, you did..." I answered. She immediately began a string of apologies. I had to shout down the phone to stop her.

"Willow! It's fine, don't worry. I would have been waking in a few minutes anyway."

"Oh, okay... I'm sorry again. I didn't check the time. I know you don't get in till late." She sounded apologetic. She was a good friend, someone I could depend on and trusted completely. I'd known her since primary school, we'd gone through school together and done the same course at college. We'd lived together for a while, but then she'd met her boyfriend, Mike, and I'd moved out to give the loved up couple some space.

"It's good, don't fret... So what's up honey? Everything with Mike okay?"

"Mike's good. Better than good. Perfect actually... He took my out the other night, to Elliott's, you know, that fancy place in town? Well, we had dinner and we went out dancing. It was lovely. I think he may ask me the big question soon, at least, I hope he does..." Her voice trailed off, her tone turning sad.

"Aww, that sounds really nice. Dancing huh? Get him... And don't worry, I'm sure he'll ask soon..." I reassured her, sitting at my desk and turning on my laptop, making a noise as I logged in.

"Yeah, I guess... Anyway, how was your night? Anything exciting happen?"

I grew quiet. The previous night's memories flooding my memory again. Remembered the feelings. The tastes. The smells.

"Elena? You there?"

"Oh, um... Yeah, no... It was... You know... It was work. Same old same..." I struggled with what to say. Did I want her to know about the drunk man? The attack? Dominic? His name brought all the dreams flooding to the forefront of my mind. The fantasies. Of him sweeping me off my feet. Saving me from monsters. Kissing me and holding me tenderly,

"What are you not telling me? What happened?" Her tone was frantic with worry, demanding answers. She could read me so easily.

"It's nothing, really... Just drunks letting loose too much, that kinda thing..."

"Elena, please? Tell me..." She pleaded.

I sighed and closed my eyes, blocking out the pictures, the memories.

"I got attacked, okay? This man cornered me in the car park... Tried to..."

"Oh my God! Are you okay? I'm coming over..."

"No... No, I'm fine, just a few bruises... Shaken more than anything, but I'm fine." That seemed to ease her a degree. She released a slow breath through the phone. She always did worry too much.

"Did the police get him? Is he in custody? Did they take a report?"

I thought back and remembered that Dominic hadn't called the police or said anything about doing so. I hadn't given a report. What had he done with the body?

"Um..." I didn't want her to worry and I had to find out what Dominic had done after I'd left. I just had to

find him first. 'Easier said than done' I thought to myself. "Yeah. The police got him... I reported it, don't worry..."

"Good... That's good then. So what happened?" She asked, her voice laced with curiosity.

"Willow... I just... I can't talk about it right now okay. My brain fritzed. I didn't sleep well..."

"Okay okay... It's fine okay? You can tell me when your ready." She was a gem. I was struggling to clamp down my fears and anger just remembering it, let alone reliving it. I knew, in time, I'd have to talk to someone about what happened, but it was still to soon, too fresh in my mind.

"Thanks Will, your a star, you know that?"

"Yeah I know," she answered, giggling. "Which is why we're going to go out tonight? Cause I'm such a great friend and you love me so much? Plus, it is your night off..." I groaned in response. I knew it! Bloody knew it!

"I don't know... You know how much I hate going out. It's not my scene... And I was planning on staying

home, oggling Gerard Butler in Phantom of the Opera and eating all the Ben and Jerry's in my freezer" I pleaded.

"Come on El. You need to get out more. It'll do you good. I know your keeping something from me and I'm gonna hazard a guess it's to do with last night..." I cringed. "But you need to go out and have fun, forget about what happened. We'll go to The Black Rose... Have a few drinks, dance the night away. No drama. Just us, letting loose..."

There was no point in arguing with her. She always won these discussions. And The Black Rose didn't sound so bad. We'd been to the dark bar before, with it's Gothic style and live bands. It was bearable and I knew that it's crowd was nowhere near as bad as they were at Sinners. If I had to go out, I'd rather go there.

I sighed but agreed. "Okay okay... We'll go to The Black Rose, but I'm not staying out late, okay?"

"Yeay! I knew I loved you for a reason! Pick me up... 7pm? That okay with you?"

"That's fine. I'll see you tonight then..." My tone clearly showing my displeasure at our activities tonight.

"Bye El... Can't wait!" And the phone went silent. I sighed, replacing the phone to the dock. 'Me neither' I thought with a grimace.

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Chapter 6

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Six

I had a bit of writer's block on this chapter, so I'm sorry if it's a bit iffy, but I tried really hard. Comments are great guys, so let me know what you think/if you like/don't like. And Vote =)

Chapter Six

One solution for a case of the blue's... shopping. There is not a woman alive who can't feel better after spending some money on new clothes and a couple must have books.

I drove into town later that day, after returning my brother, Stephen's, phone call, and went to buy myself a new outfit. He had called to check up on me.

It seems him and Willow had something in common. They both thought they knew what was best for me. He told me about this guy he works with, Liam, who I 'just had to meet'. Apparently I was in dire need of a man, or at least a one nighter, as that 'is the key to solve all my problems'. Yeah right!

I laughed off that conversation and walked into Black Velvet, the hottest clothing shop for Gothic/Emo styles. Not that I put myself in one of those categories, I just think corset tops, ruffle skirts, leather trousers and boots look cool. As I looked around, I lost myself in a world of leather, chains and skulls. The shop was huge, with two floors. Women's on the ground floor, men upstairs. I walked around, browsing through the tops, skirts, trousers and leathers. I was thinking maybe a black corset top, which laced up the front, combined with a short red and black tartan ruffle skirt and knee high black boots.

I was reaching for the skirt, when I got that feeling. 'I'm being watched again'. No sooner had the thought

gone through my mind when I heard the most beautiful voice known to man.

"That's nice... Special occasion?" I turned to see Dominic, standing so close to me, I could feel the warmth of his body, smell his delicious fragrance. His eye's were still hard and cold, but his smile took my breath away. Wearing a crimson, button down shirt, black slacks, black shoes and a long leather coat, he looked amazing. His body was better than I remembered. He towered over me and his shoulders were wide. I loved that in a man.

"I... Uh... It's nothing." I stammered, my cheeks flaming. I hid the skirt and top behind my back and took a step away from him. "What are you doing here?"

"I was looking for a new coat when I spotted you. I thought I'd say hello." He reached around my back and took the clothes from me. Looking at them, his face turned brooding. His eyes seemed to heat up and my body did the same in response. "You'll look amazing in these."

I laughed and turned a deeper shade of red. "Thanks... I'm going out tonight and needed a new outfit." I confessed.

"Oh really?" Dominic's face scrutinized mine. He looked too interested.

"Um... Yeah. My friends forcing me. I'd rather say home and chill, that's not my kind of scene, but..."

"But what?"

"I... I was hoping there was a chance I'd see you." I admitted, looking down at my feet. I'd thought about it and seeing as how he was there last night, I thought it might be a regular thing. It was the deciding factor in caving in to Willow.

Dominic reached for my chin and lifted my face to his. His eyes scorched my soul. He was addicting. I couldn't get enough of his face. His body. Him.

"Why are you embarrassed? I don't really need a coat. I just had to come up with an excuse to talk to you." His smile was boyish, cheeky. I couldn't reply. No coherent answer formed in my brain.

"Where are you going? If you don't mind my asking?" He released my chin and straightened up, handing me back my clothes. I took them and blinked a few times, in an attempt to clear my now hasy head.

"Um... The Black Rose. You know it?" I replied, my voice weak and faint.

"Yes, I know it quite well. Would it be okay if I were to turn up there?" Dominic should be illegal. That face and voice combination, along with the leather and woodland scent of him, could melt any woman's heart.

"More than okay. It would make my night." I smiled at the thought. Tonight's plans were growing on me more and more. Sure, Willow had said just us, but I'm sure she wouldn't mind Dominic hanging with us for a little while. I can't imagine any woman objecting to spending time with him. The thought made me stiffen, jealousy boiled in my blood.

"Are you sure?" He'd noticed my bodies reaction, my limbs turning to ice.

"Yes... Please come. Really, I'd love you to. We'll be there around... 7:30?"

"I'll see you there then." He smiled at me and turned away. He got to the boots and stopped. "These would go well with the outfit." He motioned towards a pair of black leather boots. They had a platform heel and had skulls with bows etched into the leather. They were amazing.

"I agree." I replied and with that, he walked out the shop.

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Chapter 7

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Seven

So people, I got the nicest compliment I've ever recieved the other day and I was so overwhelmed. It touched me deeply. This chapter is for that wonderful person =) I'm hoping I'm doing a good job for you guys and your enjoying it. Please please please, comments people, they really help. Any idea's, tell me... Vote if you like... xxx

Chapter Seven

I was just putting my phone and purse in my handbag, listening to 'My Immortal' by Evanescence, when I heard a car horn outside. I'd just finished getting ready. I was wearing my new outfit, with

those amazing boots Dominic had suggested, and I looked great.

I'd made a big effort with my hair and make-up, knowing Dominic would be showing up. I'd spent 2 hours straightening my hair. I know. 2 hours! I'd put a cute red bow in my hair, to the side and fluffed up my hair. I looked like one of those cool 'scene girls'.

My eye's were smoky black, outlined in black eyeliner. My full lashes framed by eyes. My cheeks were a light shade of pink and my skin was creamy, so I didn't wear any foundation or blusher. There was no need. I'd put on rouge lipstick and some clear lipgloss, which finished off outfit perfectly.

I walked over to the window and saw a black taxi sitting next to my car. Willow saw me out the car window and waved for me to down outside. I picked up my bag, turned off the music and walked out of my bedroom into the living room. I turned the lights off and grabbed my keys, shutting and locking the door behind me.

"Hiya hottie! Look at you girl! You look amazing." Willow shouted from the car. I walked over and got in.

"Hi Will. Thanks, you look fantastic too. I thought I was picking you up?" I asked, shooting a look at the taxi driver.

"Oh yeah, I know, but I thought maybe you'd like to have a drink. You can't drink if your driving, so I'm splashing out and we're taking taxi to Black Rose... Is that okay?" I don't really drink, just the occasional one now and then, so I didn't mind driving. But then again, my nerves were soaring at the thought of seeing Dominic.

"Yeah, that's fine... Saves petrol." I answered, laughing. Willow relaxed into her seat as the taxi pulled away from the house. I looked out the window, my mind replaying the scene between me and Dominic in Black Velvet earlier. He'd looked gorgeous. His midnight black hair had hung loose around his face. His skin was pale, but glowing. His eye's had been cold and hard, but then had smouldered and melted my heart. I don't think I'd

ever seen a more beautiful man. Actually, I was pretty sure I hadn't. 'Move over Johnny Depp' I thought to myself with a smile.

"What's got you smiling?" Willow asked me, snapping me out of my space out session. I looked at her and she was searching my face. A small smile on her lips.

"Huh? Um... Nothing, just thinking 'bout things." I answered. I felt heat in my cheeks and knew I was blushing. A laugh escaped Willow's mouth and she looked away.

"Uh huh..." She said, looking out the window. I didn't reply, just looked down at my lap.

"I'll find out... eventually."She warned. I turned to look at her and she was staring at me, her face hard. A silent promise that she wouldn't let up.

I sighed, but didn't say anything else.

The night sky was dark, small dots of white coated the endless expanse. The moon was full and shone brightly. It was a beautiful night. It was chilly, but not too cold. It was lovely.

We stopped outside The Black Rose a few minutes later. I got out the taxi and checked my outfit whilst Willow was paying the driver. She walked up behind me and linked her arm with mine, pulling me towards the entrance.

The Black Rose was a dark space, deep purple and black walls, covered with beautiful canvas paintings of dark scenes. One in particular was my favourite. A beautiful woman was lying on a white sofa, a white dress hiding her body. Her face a mask of pleasure, as a man draped himself over her, his mouth to her neck, a red trickle falling down her pale skin. It made my body shiver in expectation every time I saw it.

The club was busy, but not packed. Men and women, mostly dressed in black, lined the bar and sat at the tables spaced around the room. The club smelled of perfume, it overwhelmed my sense's. Music played in the background. As I listened, I found Paramore's 'Decode' playing. I loved this song and started singing the song quietly whilst Willow dragged me over to an empty table in the corner of the room. I sat down and placed my bag on the table.

"Okay, so I want a drink... What you having?" Willow asked me, looking at the cocktail list on our table.

"Um... I'll have a vodka and Red Bull?" I answered, checking the list to see it was there.

"Okey dokey... Coming right up. I'll be back in a mo... " She said, walking towards the bar. I giggled to myself, feeling myself relax further. This night wasn't turning out as bad as others, and it had just started. Normally by now, I'd be be sulking and asking when we'd be going home, but not tonight. The thought of Dominic turning up had me looking at the entrance and then looking at my phone to check the time. 7:12pm. I groaned internally. 'Another 18 minutes... That's not too long, then you'll see him.' I thought as I spotted Willow returning to our table.

I smiled as I took my drink from her and took a sip. "So anyway... Seeing as you wont tell me what's got you smiling, I'm gonna guess... You tell me when I get it right, okay?" Willow said, putting down her drink and pulling her chair closer to the table.

"Um... You got a raise? Nope, that's not it... You finally got that dog you've been talking 'bout? Nah... Your

dad's decided to let you date finally?" I shot her a dirty look at that. My dad has been very strict with me since I was little. He never let me do anything I wanted, including getting a boyfriend. Moving out into my own space hasn't changed that. He still has to meet the potential candidate and approve them. I've only had 3 boyfriends, each either recommended by my dad, or approved by him, and they'd all turned out the same. They'd broke my heart. One, I found out, had only gone out with me for a dare. I'd cried for days. He had seemed like Prince Charming, buying me dinner and flowers, complimenting me all night and walking me to my door. When he'd tried to come inside and I'd turned him away, he'd revealed I was a dare and mocked me. I swore I'd never date again.

But the thought of Dominic... I could imagine dating him. 'He'll break your heart! They always do! And why would a guy like him go out with you?' My mind made complete sense. He was gorgeous. Perfect. Just the type of guy who would do something to hurt me. What could he see in me? But then, he had saved me

last night. 'So? What does that mean? Nothing!' My mind screamed at me.

"Elena? You okay?" I looked up at Willow and she looked confused and concerned. I cleared my throat and looked away.

"Um... Yeah... No... I-I wanna go home..." I told her as I rose from my chair.

"What? Why? What's the matter? I thought we were having fun?" She replied, looking hurt.

"We were... I was... I just... I don't feel well..." I told her, picking up my handbag. I turned around and was almost knocked off my feet, but a pair of strong arms wrapped around my shoulders, keeping me on my feet. I smelled leather. I heard Willow inhale and make an approving noise. I glanced up and was met by God himself.

"And where are you going?" Dominic asked.

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Chapter 8

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Eight

Again, I hope your enjoying the story as much as I am writing it! Comment and Vote for me you guys, I love reading what you think... xxx

Chapter Eight

He was stunning. He had a slight smirk curving his mouth. His eye's were pools of ecstasy. I could see the icy depths of them melting as they bored into mine. His hair, like our previous encounters, hung loose around his face, framing it. It looks soft. I wanted to run my fingers through it, to marvel at the texture. He was wearing his leather jacket again. It was open

and revealed a black shirt and black jeans. He wore smart black shoes on his feet.

I breathed in his glorious fragrance again. I felt myself getting drunk from it. My mind buzzed.

"Elena? Where are you going?" Dominic asked me again, his voice low and husky.

"I... Um..." Was all I could say. Words were in my brain, waiting for me to speak them, but I couldn't link my brain to my mouth to speak.

"Are you leaving?" He took a step closer to me. His hands left a blazing trail of fire as they went from my shoulders, down my arms, to my hands. He entwined our fingers. I looked up as his face. That sexy smile was still in place, but he was looking at our hands.

"I was just..."

"It's a shame your not staying. I was looking forward to spending some time with you." He said, lifting my hand and placing a kiss on my knuckles. Electricity sizzled between his lips and my hand. I breathed in sharply and and sighed. He looked up at my face and his eyes were hooded. He let out a breath on a groan.

He leaned into me and put his lips to my ear, tickling me as her spoke.

"You taste divine... Will you stay?" His voice was dark, seductive. I've said it once and I'll say it again... He should be illegal.

"Um..." He faced me again, his eyes a silent plea. "Yes. I'll stay."

His mouth broke out into a full blown smile that made me go weak at the knee's. He sat me down in my chair gently. "Thank you Elena." He looked over at Willow and extended his arm. "My name is Dominic. It's a pleasure to meet me." Willow looked like she was about to pass out. She just stared at his hand. He coughed lightly, snapping her out of her daydream. She grasped his hand.

"Hi... Um, I'm Willow..." She finally managed to say. She brushed her hand over her face and through her hair. She sat down opposite me. I caught her eye and she mouthed "Wow". I smiled in response and blushed.

Dominic sat down at the chair to my left. He'd removed his coat, so it hung over the back of his chair.

"So..." Willow started. "Dominic? You know Elena?" She looked to me and then Dominic questioningly. I glanced at Dominic and found him looking at me again. I turned scarlet and occupied myself by taking a drink of my vodka and Red Bull. His staring at me everytime we met made me self conscious. Embarressed. Hot.

"Not well, no. We met last night actually. And again this afternoon." He replied looking in Willow's direction. His face was warm, but his eyes were once again cold and hard. Willow stopped breathing and looked away. She cleared her throat and took a drink.

Dominic turned to me then. "Would you care to dance?" I looked around at the dance floor and saw that it was empty. I shook my head. "Not now... Maybe later?"

"I think now's a perfect time." He said, standing and extending his arm. I looked at it as if it were a bomb.

I began shaking my head again, but Dominic ignored me and looked to Willow.

"Would you mind if I stole Elena for a few minutes?" He asked. Willow looked aghast at him, but shook her head. "Not at all. Go dance..."

He smiled at her and then took my hand, pulling me to my feet and away from the table before I could protest further. I stumbled along after him until we reached the dance floor. He stopped and turned to face me. Linkin Park's 'Leave Out All The Rest' was playing softly in the background. He pulled me closer and wrapped his arms around my waist. I stared up at him in awe. He gave me a little smile, pulling me closer still. Our chests were touching intimately. My soft curves meeting his stone frame. I wrapped my arms around his neck and laid my head on his chest.

"You look beautiful by the way." He murmured in my ear. I blushed again and melted into him. "Thank you... You look..." I trailed off. He chuckled and stared to sway our bodies to the song.

"Dangerous? Manly?" He asked. I didn't struggle for words to sum him up. In fact loads came to mind.

Dangerously and manly were two could use. But I had my own. Mysterious, intoxicating, powerful... But only one word came to mind now.

"Sexy..." I admitted shyly. I heard his laugh and felt his body shake under my cheek. I smiled to myself.

"Thank you Elena." Dominic said. He inhaled and then sighed. What was he doing? Was he smelling me?

"So... Why were you leaving when I arrived? I thought we agreed to this time and place. Did you change your mind?" He asked, his voice sounded unsure of itself, like he thought I was going to try to leave again.

"I just... I didn't want to stay..." I confessed.

"Why?"

"Because... Because I don't know why you'd want to see me..."

He stopped swaying and pulled back from me. His face looked too hard, like he was trying to hide some emotion. Anger? Pain? "Elena... Why would you think

that? I told you I'd meet you. I'm here. I want to know you." You couldn't doubt the truth of his words. I nodded, showing him I'd understood his words.

"It's just I don't have a great record, okay? With men. They either want to hurt me or get in my pants and leave straight after... I don't want to be hurt anymore... I won't let anyone hurt me anymore." I told him, realising as I spoke every word how true they were. I was fed up of my boring, average life. I was tired of being hurt. I wouldn't allow it to happen anymore.

"What makes you think I'd do that?" He asked, his face showing how hurt by my words he was.

"I didn't mean... It's... Well, look at you, okay? Humour me. Your gorgeous! More than gorgeous. And look at what your dancing with! I'm pretty at best..."

"Elena." He looked into my eye's, scorching my soul. His face was still. Hard, but his eyes where alive. "You are the most beautiful women I've ever laid my eyes on. Do you understand me? Your so much more than 'pretty'." He told me. His words made my heart

stop beating. My mouth went dry. My mind blank. "You hear me? Your unique." Dominic shook me gently, waking me.

"Y-yeah... I heard you." I replied. He stepped closer to me again, pulling me close. I put my head against his chest again.

"Good... 'cause I plan on getting to know you a lot better." He murmured.

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Chapter 9

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Nine

Okay, guys, I'm so sorry I haven't put anything new up for a few days. Had a case of writers block and I haven't been too well. This isn't the best chapter, but I've written it loads and this was the best I did. Hope you like it. Comments and critisism welcome. Vote if you like =) P.S. Thanks for a few of you recommending my story to others, it's really nice of you xxx

Chapter Nine

After a few more minutes of dancing, Dominic and I headed back over to Willow, who was looking at us with a smug expression on her face. It was the type

of look that made me get embarrassed and blush manically. I hated that look.

"Have fun?" She asked as we sat down, Dominic pulling his chair closer to mine before sitting. He angled himself so that he was facing me and also able to look around the club.

"Yes, thank you for letting me steal her away." Dominic replied warmly. His didn't turn to face Willow. He was still gazing at me. I was growing used to it by now, but still made me a bit uncomfortable.

There were people around us laughing and chatting. Some were now dancing. But as I looked around, I noticed a considerable amount of the women were staring at Dominic, licking their lips and running their fingers through their hair. Some were huddled together whispering and pointing in our direction. I don't know why, but my blood started to boil as they continued eyeing Dominic. I'm not a jealous woman, I never have been, but I was having a sever case of the green eyed monster right now.

"El, what you looking at?" Willow asked, looking around puzzled.

"Nothing... I was just... You know, checking." I replied awkwardly.

"Checking for what?" She asked. I guess she saw the women in the corner, whispering, because she suddenly gave me a knowing look. "Ahhhh..."

Just then, one of the prettier girls, a tall, slender blonde came waltzing over, shaking her hips. She was wearing a red boob tube top that didn't cover her stomach and skin tight black leather trousers. She looked good, in a 'I'm really desperate' kinda why. She stopped beside Dominic and put a hand on her hip, the other resting on his hand and the table. She bent down to whisper in his ear.

Dominic looked completely bored as she whispered something to him. He looked at me out the corner of his eye and they were, once again cold. I looked away and checked my phone. The time was 10:03pm. I didn't really want to stay anymore. I didn't think I could take the girls hungry stares at the delicious man sitting beside me anymore. I finished my drink and looked at Willow. 'I'm gonna go.' I mouthed to her, pointing towards the entrance. She began

shaking her head, saying no, but then Dominic's hand shot out and grasped mine firmly. I looked at him and he was looking at me fully, the woman still standing beside him, looking at me with a mask of confusion.

"That was a nice offer, but as you can see, I'm with someone." He said, his voice hard.

"Well... I can promise you, you'll have a better time with me than her." She answered, smirking evilly at me. I gasped in shock and fury flooded my body, over powering me. I stood up and glared at her.

"Excuse me?! Who do you think you are?!" I demanded.

"I think I'm the best damn lay this man will ever have! I also think you look like you just crawled out the gutter! Go home and let him have some fun!" She barked back.

I lurched forward, my intention to punch that skanky ass face of hers. I was so pissed. How dare she say something like that to me! I didn't even know her! Just as I raised my fist, Dominic was on his feet with his back to me. I could tell that he towered over the

bitch, as he lowered his head a few inches to look into her face.

"I refused your offer. Apologise to my woman, now. And then go back to your friends." His woman? What?

He turned away from her to me and put his arm around my waist. The bitch stepped forward, her face blank. Her eyes emotionless. "I apologise." She murmured, no emotion in her voice either and walked away.

I looked up at Dominic in confusion, planning to ask what the hell just happened, but he stopped me. He bent his head down to mine and kissed my forehead lightly. My mind look all connection to my body. I couldn't think at all. That light brush of his mouth reeked havoc with my body. When he pulled away and just smiled down at me, I could do nothing else than smile back weakly as my body melted into his.

"Willow, would you mind if I took Elena home? She isn't looking well." He asked, turning to look at her. She stared at him for a moment and then looked at

me. I must have looked pale or something, because she started nodding her head.

"Yeah, sure... That's fine." She replied, getting up and grabbing her bag. "I'll just ring for a taxi or Mike to come get me..." She was reaching into her bad for her phone when Dominic spoke up.

"That's not necessary. I'll drive you home." He said.

She started to refuse, but he stopped her. "Please, I insist." He urged. Willow just nodded. I picked up my bag from the table and then Dominic started to lead us out the club. I looked over to the women in the corner and they stared back in shock. I smiled to myself and wrapped my arm around Dominic's waist. He chuckled quietly and held me tighter.

Outside, it was quite cold. Goosebumps began to show on my arms, my breath leaving my mouth in clouds. I shivered.

"Here, take my coat." I didn't have time to refuse. Dominic was already out of his jacket and draping it over my shoulders.

"Thanks." I said, wrapping my arms around myself.

We started walking down the street, towards one of the cities underground parking lots. Willow was silent, walking beside me, texting on her phone. I looked at Dominic. He was looking ahead, scanning the night. I put my head down and kept walking. Random thoughts going through my head. 'Why was that girl asking strange? What was with the whole 'my woman' thing? Why did I get so jealous?'

My brain was a mess by the time we got down to the lower levels of the parking lot. It was quiet, hardly any cars where parked. There were a few vans. A couple old bangers. An amazing midnight black Aston Martin DB9. 'What? Why are we walking towards this car?' Dominic stopped by the passenger side door and unlocked it. I let out a low whistle of awe and Willow's eyes nearly popped out of her head. The seat was pulled forward and he stepped to the side.

"Do you mind sitting in the back?" He asked Willow. She looked at him and smirked.

"I would sit in the boot! This car is amazing" She said, getting in. Dominic laughed again, as musical sound that never failed to melt my heart.

He pulled the seat back into it's normal position and motioned for me to get in. I looked up and hesitated. Dominic smiled at me. "Don't like the car?" He asked with a smirk.

I laughed. "No... The car is... It's beautiful. I don't want to scratch it or anything." I answered, blushing. Willow had had no problem with getting in the car.

"Don't worry, you wont scratch it." He answered, smiling wider.

"Come on El! I wanna see how fast it is!" Willow whined from the backseat. I glared at her, but then got in, carefully. Dominic helped me in, holding my hand and lowering me into my seat. When I was in, he shut the door and walked around to the drivers side. He got in and put on his seatbelt on. Willow was giggling like a 5 year old in the back. I just sighed and shot an apologetic look at Dominic, who was looking in the rear view mirror, smiling.

He put the key in the ignition and the car purred to life. I thought the engine would make a louder sound, given what I'd heard about it. But it was pleasantly quiet. Dominic pulled out of the space smoothly and drove us out of the lot.

"Okay. Where am I taking you?" He asked Willow. She gave him her address and we shot off in the direction of her house. The car was fast. Dominic didn't drive like a maniac, but he wasn't slow either. He was a great driver. We drove past closed shops and cafés. Bar's and pubs still open. Willow's house was on the outside of town, located in the countryside. Fields and tree's were all you could see out of the window. Willow had no neighbours. The nearest house was a mile away. I always loved visiting Willow and Mike's. It was so peaceful and tranquil.

We pulled up outside her house and Dominic turned off the engine.

"Thanks so much! That was awesome! Elena, keep hold of him! With a car like this, I hate to think where he lives!" She laughed as Dominic got out the

car and helped her out. Then Mike was rushing out the house, his mouth dragging across the floor.

"What the hell! Why is there an Aston Martin parked outside my house?" He said.

"Isn't it cool! It's Dominic's. Oh sorry, this is Dominic, Elena's friend..." She introduced them. They shook hands and Mike started asking about the car.

I turned to Willow. "Thanks for a great night Will. I had fun, honestly." I added when she looked a t me speculatively.

"It was fun. Please! Lets do it again soon?" She begged.

"Yeah sure. That's cool with me." I answered truthfully. I had enjoyed tonight, with the exception of the bitch and my almost panic attack.

Willow hugged me tightly and then walked over to Mike, still firing questions at Dominic."Come on... Lets get inside. Maybe Dominic will take you for a ride soon..." She said, wrapping her arms around Mike.

"Yeah yeah, okay. Well, it was good meeting you. See you soon Elena!" He shouted. Willow was dragging him inside, but Mike's eyes where fixed on the car.

I giggled and looked at Dominic.

"You have interesting friends." He said, smiling down at me. I nodded, smiling. I looked down uncomfortably.

He placed a finger under my chin and lifted my head. "Time to take you home." He said. His eyes molten heat once more. I just nodded, transfixed, and got in the car.

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Chapter 10

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Ten

Hello folks =) So, I've been planning this chapter for a while and I hope you all like it... After the comments I recieved on the last chapter becasue of the choice of car for Dominic (thats right, the Aston!!!), I decided that it would feature in this chapter lol... You'll see what I mean... I love reading your comments, so please leave me some... Vote too if you like =) xxx

Chapter Ten

The drive from Willow and Mike's was quiet. It wasn't an uncomfortable silence. It was actually pleasant. I kept looking over at Dominic and everytime, it was like seeing him for the first time all

over again. I couldn't get enough of his face. Of him. He was perfection personified.

His face was illuminated by the dim lights coming from the dashboard, making him look even more mysterious and alluring than before. His eyes were bright, sparkling gems. I wondered to myself why his eyes always went from cold, hard rocks, to captivating molten pools. Was it the lights doing it? Or was it just me?

Dominic looked at me and I swore I could see straight into his soul. I got lost in them and didn't hear what he was saying.

I blushed and shook my head, trying to clear my mind. "I'm sorry, what?" I asked.

"I asked are you well? Your quiet." He told me, his eyes darting from my face to the road.

"Oh... Um, yeah, I'm fine... Just enjoying the ride" I told him, relaxing back into the black leather seat. His mouth rose at the corners, the most beautiful smile I'd ever seen.

"I'm glad... So, you like the car?" He asked, chuckling.

I looked around the interior. I was amazing. The seats were black leather, with red stitching. The dashboard was like the seats, black with red trim. It was filled with gadgets like SAT-NAV, a phone, a small TV and a keyboard also. I guessed it had Wi-Fi. 'Wow! This was better than my flat!'

"It's amazing! I love it... Never thought I'd ever be in a car like this..." I admitted, gazing up at him. "Bet it cost a small fortune." I guessed smirking.

Dominic laughed at that. He looked over at me and his eyes were alight. "Yes, I guess you could say that..." He said.

"So, tell me to mind my own if you want to, but how are you so rich? I'm guessing with a car like this and those swanky clothes of yours, you'll have a huge, great big mansion!" I asked, blushing and lowering my head. I'd never asked something so bold. Especially of someone so intimidatingly handsome.

"I inherited a lot from my family... They were incredibly wealthy and over the years, after the deaths of my grandparents and parents, I've got a lot

of money to spare." He said, glancing at me for a moment, his eyes searching my face.

"I'm sorry to hear that... I lost my mother... She had leukaemia and died about 6 years ago..." I said. I don't know why I told him that. I felt like I could tell him anything and that I could trust him with my inner most secrets.

Dominic reached over and took my hand in his, rubbing small circles on the back of my hand. "I'm sorry for you loss. It still effects you, doesn't it?" He asked.

I felt tears forming in my eyes, blurring my vision. I hadn't talked about my mother for years and I didn't really think I'd grieved. The memories rushing through my mind assaulted me and knocked the breath from me.

Us spending the weekends together, baking, shopping or just chatting. Then when she'd been diagnosed, she's lived her life at full throttle, enjoying every single day. We'd visited famous sites like The Great Wall of China, The Eiffel Tower and the Pyramids in Egypt. We'd gone to the West End and seen every

show they had. She'd done and experienced everything she'd ever wanted to, and then she'd got really ill. She'd died at home in bed, with her whole family around her, just like she'd always wanted.

I didn't realise Dominic had stopped the car until he reached across me and wrapped his arms around me, pulling me across his body to sit in his lap. He hugged me to his chest and rested his chin on my head. Stroking my back, he murmured to me quietly, but I couldn't hear what he was saying.

I was shaking uncontrollably and sobs were escaping my mouth, leaving me gasping for air. I couldn't breath. Tears streamed down my face, staining Dominic's shirt. The memories kept coming, tearing my heart apart into tiny pieces, leaving me empty and hollow. The only thing I could hold onto was the knowledge I wasn't alone. That Dominic was with me.

I don't know how long we sat there. Me crying. Dominic reassuring me.

"Shh... Its okay Elena... I'm here... Just breathe...." He murmured whilst rocking me.

I tried to steady my breathing. I took deep breaths and thought about something else, trying to keep me mind off my memories of my mother. The tears dried up and my body relaxed. I just sat there and relaxed into Dominic's body, breathing in his smell. He filled my senses and my mind wrapped itself around him.

He continued to stroke my back and hold me to him.

"I'm so sorry..." I said, my voice was weak and gravely. I cleared my throat to speak again. "I didn't mean for that to happen... I'm so embarrassed..." I admitted.

"Please don't feel embarrassed. It's fine. Don't ever be ashamed to show me how you feel Elena." Dominic said, laying his cheek on my head, stroking my hair now.

We sat there for a few more minutes, just holding each other. I cleared my throat again and sat up, looking at Dominic. His eyes were hard, but they didn't seem lifeless. Quite the opposite. They showed sorrow and deep sadness. And something else. Warmth? Admiration?

He smiled a small smile at me. I returned it and sighed. He was amazing. He was handsome, charming and he didn't mind me snotting all over his fancy shirt. 'I think I'm in love' I thought. Dominic's face transformed suddenly. His eyes, like so many other times, melted. His smile faded, his lips parted slightly.

He reached his hand to my face and placed it softly on my cheek. His skin was soft and warm, so I leaned into it, marvelling in that simple touch. I closed my eyes and just enjoyed his hand on my face for a moment. I opened my eyes and smiled at him. I placed my hand on his check too. I had to. I needed to show him how grateful I was that he was here. I heard him take in a sharp breath and his eyes hooded. He groaned and placed his other hand on my cheek. I froze at the sheer determination on his face. My mind went blank. Nothing else mattered. There was no world outside this car, there was only me and Dominic.

"Elena..." He breathed. "I need to kiss you..." He said, his voice soft, a quiet whisper. I just sat there in

complete shock. 'How could this God, this epitome of man, want to kiss me?' I was just me. Just Elena Howard. I was no-one.

"Can I kiss you Elena?" He asked, leaning closer to me, holding my face firmly, yet gently. I could taste him. His fragrance fanned my face as he spoke and I got lost. Our faces a hairs breadth apart.

I tried to think, but my brain was mush. It was useless to me. I knew that when I woke up from this heavenly dream and I found it all to be my mind giving me what I wanted, I was going to be sad, but I couldn't care that the moment.

I stared into the angels eyes. "Yes..." I breathed.

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Chapter 11

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Eleven

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Okey dokey dudes and dudettes... I hope your liking my story =) I must admit... this is my favourite chapter so far... I felt really great writing it and I hope you all love it! Remember, comments are always nice and I love reading what you say. Votes are nice too lol... Enjoy =)

Suggestion : Listen to Cry by Rihanna when reading this chapter... Did I just give it away? Oh well, just do it... =)

Chapter Eleven

'Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!' My mind was screaming out, I found it amazing that Dominic couldn't hear.

I'd kissed men before. I mean, I'm not the type of girl to spread my legs for everyone, but I wasn't a nun either. But the thought of Dominic and I kissing... It was unbelievable. My ex's had been pretty, sure. But they were no where near Dominic's looks. So why me? He could have anyone he wanted, but at this moment, he wanted me.

'Was this real? Am I dreaming?' I asked myself as our eyes stayed locked, our faces so close, our lips where almost touching.

I heard Dominic chuckle softly. His breath blew into my face. It was amazing. Masculine, yet sweet, but also dark and spicy. I couldn't place it.

"What's funny?" I whispered, my eyes hooded. I felt drunk. How could he effect me so?

"Nothing at all..." He said, just as quietly as I'd spoken.

"So why did you -" My voice got cut off as our mouths met. His lips were soft. They felt like velvet against mine. And the taste! It was exquisite. He tasted the same as he smelled. I know that makes no sense, but I couldn't describe it any other way.

I lost all control of my body. There was nothing I could do. I couldn't touch him or pull him closer. All I could do was feel him at my mouth, his hands on my face, in my hair, hugging me closer. My senses worked fine, I just couldn't respond. This kiss was pure, undiluted heaven.

Dominic's mouth moved against mine, trying to force out a response. A groan escaped his lips as they moved from my mouth to my neck, planting kisses just below my ear. I moaned at the sensation, regaining some control of myself now he wasn't kissing my mouth. I grasped his leather jacket in one hand to pull him even closer and fisted the other in his hair, holding his head to my neck. He nibbled and kissed and licked and suckled the skin there, driving me wild with desire. I'd never experienced anything like it before.

I felt his lips part as Dominic let out a long breath and something scraped my skin. It was a sharp stinging pain that lasted only a second. I gasped in shock. In delight.

Dominic's head whipped up to look at me and I gasped in fear at what I saw.

His face was hard, set in a mask of grit determination. His eye's where sparkling and alive, but the teal green in them had disappeared. They were now swirling pools of silver. They were intriguing and magical. But also scary and frightening. The white of his eyes had also been replaced, by the deepest shade of black I'd ever seen. And when I looked at his lips, my breath caught in my lungs. His lips were rosy and slightly swollen from his kiss. But I was more captivated by the two sharp tips of his teeth I could see. They were peeking out from under his upper lip. 'Oh... My... God...' I thought. I didn't know if I was terrified of him or more attracted.

Dominic was breathing raggedly, his chest rising and falling to meet the pattern of his breathing. His eyes

were glued to my face, searching deep inside my soul. He looked slightly ashamed, utterly breathtakingly handsome, but I could also see anger. With me or himself?

"Elena?" He breathed. I just continued to look into his face, my hand still grasping his jacket. "Elena? Did I... Did I hurt you?" He asked, concern and pain layered thick in his voice.

"What? What are you?" My voice was weak, small. I could only just hear myself, so I tried again, but before I could, Dominic had lowered his head. He started to push me off him, back to my seat, but I wouldn't let go of his clothes.

"I'm so sorry Elena... I didn't mean -"

"Please? What are you?" I asked again, my voice stronger now. He just shook his head slowly, so I grasped his chin firmly in my hand and raised his face to me. "I'm not afraid okay? You didn't hurt me. I was just a little scared..." I told him. I knew I was telling the whole truth, but he would never be able to know that.

"I would actually... I can hear your thoughts Elena. That's how I know you were scared and that I hurt you... I'm so sorry. I'll take you home right now. You'll never see me again..." He said, turning away from me.

"No! I don't want that, okay? I admit, you scared me slightly. And when your..." I trailed off.

"Fangs?" Dominic suggested.

"Yes, your... fangs, scraped my neck, I was shocked. But please, I want to know you Dominic. You intrigue and excite me. I want to spend time with you. I want..." I trailed off again. What did I want from him?

Dominic looked at me then, an immense pain in his eyes. He reached his hand out and traced my lower lips with his finger. It was such a loving gesture, filled with emotion, I began to cry again. Silent tears ran down my cheeks. I could take a lot. Being attacked. Having my heart broken. Loosing my mother. But the pain in Dominic's face was too much to bare.

"Elena... You know what I am?" He asked.

I nodded weakly. 'Vampire' I thought.

"Please Elena... You know what I am, what I do. I drink blood. I murder people. I'm forever damned. Cursed to live my life in darkness. My kind are targeted, attacked and killed because of who we are. Because of something we had no control over. I cannot stand to see you hurt. Be the reason behind it. You understand what I'm saying?" He said, Dominic's voice thick with grief and pain. He looked like his heart was breaking. No, not his heart. His existence.

"I understand..." I replied. I felt like my life was over. For the past two days, I'd lived in a heavenly dream, with this being who blew my mind. Who took over my senses.

And I could not have him. He would never be mine. He would never love me.

"No Elena! Don't ever think that!" He demanded. His voice was hard and strong. It commanded respect. "I may have only known you for two days, Elena, but you have your own place in my heart. A place no other could reside. I feel like I know you. All of you. Your essence. You are the light to my dark. You are

my missing soul. I care for you. I..." He couldn't finish. He just looked down, defeated. I was about to tell him he meant the same to me, try to make him understand, but he placed me in my seat, gently, and started the car before I could.

We drove for the rest of the journey in silence. However, whereas before it was a comfortable, this was filled with unsaid words and emotions that couldn't be expressed.

My life was meaningless now. I know it sounds stupid, but in the past couple days, my life had been ruled by Dominic. Dreams filled with him. Fantasies. Daydreams. Thoughts. They were all based around that one person.

And we couldn't be together.

We reached my home a few minutes later. Dominic turned off the engine and just stared out into the night. I looked at him, trying to read his face, but it was emotionless. He was an empty shell.

"You should go now Elena." He said. His voice flat, lifeless. I couldn't understand how someone's voice

could sound dead, when it had been musical and mysterious and intoxicating before.

I unfastened my seatbelt and picked up my handbag. I turned away from Dominic's face and opened the door. I stepped out of the car and shut the door softly. I didn't care about how cold it was or the feeling of dread in the air. I was walking away from what mattered most to me. Walking away from myself.

A single tear slid down my face as I spoke what hadn't been said earlier, something I needed him to know.

"I love you..." I breathed and walked to my front door.

Dominic's POV

Could a vampire's heart break? Can the undead die again?

I felt myself crumble inside when Elena said 'I love you...'. I felt my existence whither away into nothing. Eternity is a long time. It's even longer when your alone. But I couldn't stand the thought of living another night without Elena.

'Is it really better to have loved and lost?' I thought not. Nothing could hurt this much. The only pain I could imagine that would outshine this one, was if Elena were to die. I would be less than a particle if that were to happen. I felt as though if that were to happen, my existence, my essence, would just disappear.

I couldn't be with her. She would be in far too much danger with me. From my enemies. From my hunger. My thirst. That's why I had to let her go.

But I couldn't be without her.

I groaned in pain. My brain wouldn't function. I needed a clear mind, so that I could do my job. I needed to find and destroy the 'Hunters', the people out to make my race extinct.

They'd been hunting us for centuries. Their weapons weren't the best, but they were persistent and wouldn't stop. They'd kidnap your family, your closest friends, your love if they had to, just to get you. They hunted the more powerful vampires.

And I heard I'm on their list.

I looked up at Elena's home and sadness seeped into my body, feeling me with pain. I would never forget her. I'd always hold her in my heart. I'd always love her.

With one more longing glance at her front door, I started my car, and drove away.

Out of Elena's life.

Forever.

© Amy Sagar

Chapter 12

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Twelve

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Hi guys... I'm so sorry I haven't uploaded in a while... We had a death in the family and I just couldn't bring myself to write. But, I'm okay now, so here's your chapter, hope you like it =) Comments and and votes are good...

Chapter Twelve

My phone was ringing. Again.

I hadn't spoken or seen anyone in three days, since my night out with Willow.

Since Dominic had left.

My house phone had been ringing on and off all morning, my e-mail inbox had ten new e-mails since last night and my mobile phone had five missed calls and two voice mails. The majority were from Willow. Last night, I finally snapped and turned my mobile phone off, shut down my laptop and pulled the cord out the phone. I phoned up work and told them that I wouldn't be coming in for a few days. They'd told me to get well soon and take all the time I needed. I was glad about that, cause I didn't think a couple more days was going to help. The memories from that night were still fresh in my mind.

I'd locked myself in my bedroom since I'd come home, only leaving to go to the bathroom or to the kitchen. Nothing outside my front door interested me anymore.

I'd called work and told them I was sick

As I lay in bed, my mind travelled back to memories of Dominic. I couldn't help myself. I craved his company. The only person I wanted to hear from, the only voice I needed to hear, was his. And that just wasn't going to happen. I needed to come to terms

with the fact that he was gone and no matter what he said and what my heart wanted to believe, he didn't care for me. How could he? If I mattered to him so much, he'd be here.

I'd woke up about ten minutes ago and had just been watching the minutes tick by on my clock. Those minutes had felt like hours. I sighed heavily and got out of bed, my legs stiff from laying in my bed for most of yesterday. I picked out some clean clothes and headed for the bathroom. I was in dyer need of a shower.

I took off my pyjamas and dumped them in the hamper. I looked at myself in the mirror and groaned. I looked like a different person. My face looked older, my usual bright eyes were now red and puffy from crying so much. My skin had lost it's glow. My hair was messy. The dark brown ringlets that usually fell down my back was piled on my head. I hadn't brushed it for a couple days. I know, gross right? I didn't like looking at myself like this. I missed my glowing, creamy skin. My lovely curly hair. My

bright, young face. But mostly, my sparkling chocolate eyes.

I got in the shower and just let the water warm me. My body felt cold, lifeless. My heart felt dead and my soul... It was missing. I thought if I could just get the water hot enough, maybe it would wake up my body. I stood there for what felt like days, steam filling the cubical, and I felt exactly the same. I gave up and lathered my body, washed my hair and then stepped out. I was shocked by the cold was I stepped into the bathroom and shuddered in response. I quickly dried off and got dressed. I wore a pair of red skinny jeans and a black tee. There was nowhere to go and no one to impress, so I didn't put any make up on. I just brushed my hair and let it hang loose.

By the time I finished, it was past ten o'clock. I went back into my bedroom. It was messy, there were mugs and DVD's and books and plates everywhere. This wasn't normally my usual behaviour. I was normally very tidy, think OCD and you've got me. But I just couldn't be bothered cleaning or sorting anything out.

Now though, I wanted to. Needed to. I wanted to be myself again, to rid myself of the haunting memories of my dark angel. I'd rather endure the boredom of cleaning this mess, than torture myself with dreams that would never be reality.

I just looked around for a moment, planning where to start. I decided to gather all the cutlery and crockery first, so I picked it all up and took it to the kitchen, putting it all in the dishwasher and turning it on. I went back to my bedroom, collecting my vacuum and cleaning products from the cupboard on my way.

Thirty five minutes later, my room was almost spotless. I was just changing my bedding, listening to The Diary of Jane, by Breaking Benjamin, when there was a sharp knock on my front door.

I was debating on ignoring it, but there was another loud knock, so I gave up on the bedding and went to answer it.

The knock came again, sharper and louder this time. "Jeez, chill out and give me a chance to get to the door!" I fumed as I opened it.

"I'm sorry El, but come on! I thought you were dead!" Willow cried, pushing me aside to walk into the living room. "Why haven't you answered your phone or mobile? Or the e-mails I sent you?" She was screaming now, hysterical. Her arms were waving and she looked mad.

"I haven't felt like talking to anyone..." I shrugged. Willow looked shocked and hurt, her face falling and the colour draining out of it. She lowered her head fell back onto the sofa, her handbag falling to the floor beside her.

"Will, I didn't mean it like that, okay? I just... I haven't felt like talking to anyone..." I said, sitting on the chair opposite Willow.

"What's happened?" Willow asked, her tone as worried as her face. She edged forward on the sofa and looked into my eyes.

"It's nothing... Don't worry about it... I'm sorry I didn't answer your calls or e-mails, okay? It wont happen again..." I reassured her. I was defiantly not going to tell her about Dominic and I. It hurt too much to think about, let alone discuss.

"Please El, if something happened, I need to know. You shouldn't keep it all to yourself. Let me help you?" She asked.

"No. I said I'm fine." I told her firmly. I know it sounded harsh, but I knew if I didn't make her stop now, she'd keep up with the questioning. She shook her head and sighed.

"It's Dominic isn't it? You two have had a fight haven't you? Don't worry... It'll work itself-"

"I said I'm fine!" I shouted, standing up. Willow looked at me shocked. She stood slowly, eyeing me with a look of surprise and confusion.

"El... what's wrong? You've never acted like this... He must have really been a real ass to you... I guess he really was too good to be true..." She murmured, shaking her head.

"Get out!" I demanded. My voice wasn't raised, but it was filled with so much venom, it scared even me. Willow looked even more shocked than before, but it was quickly replaced by hurt. Her eyes were dull, filled with the pain from what I'd said.

"Willow..." I said, my eye's sparkling with unshed tears. "I love you. Your my closest friend. You know how much you mean to me. But please, just go..." I said, tears now falling down my cheeks, my voice weak.

"El..." Willow took a step closer to me.

"No! Please? Go..." I turned away from her. The truth of her words had been too much. I couldn't stand to hear her say anything about Dominic.

I heard Willow sigh. "I'm sorry El... I'll call you tomorrow, okay?" I just nodded once. I heard her footsteps approach the front door. The door opened and then closed.

I lost it then. I collapsed on the sofa. My sobs of pain were loud, they shock my body as they escaped my mouth. My lungs burnt, no air was getting into them. I felt my heart shatter again, just like the previous night. I'd thought it was broken before, it was nothing compared to this pain.

Hearing Willow saying those things about Dominic, being too good to be true, had really hurt me. I

couldn't believe the pain. I mean, they were just words, right? They shouldn't effect me so much.

I don't know how long I sat there, crying, but by the time my eyes dried up, it was dark outside. The room was dark, no lights on in the room. I sat up and sighed. I'd lost another day, thinking about him. I couldn't stay like this. I realised then, that I had to let go of him, I had to pry him from my mind. I had to free myself. I looked around the room and my eyes fell to the floor.

I groaned. Willows handbag was sitting on the floor. I lifted it up and placed it on the table.

'I guess I better ring her and tell her to come pick it up' I thought, as I got up from the sofa. I stretched my arms above my head, my limbs stiff again. I was walking into my bedroom to get my home phone handset when there was a knock at the door.

Willow. She'd come back for her bag. I felt bad for shouting at her this morning, I couldn't believe I'd acted so badly.

I walked back out into the living room. "I was just about to ring you... You left your bag... I'm sorry 'bout this morning." I said, getting to the door and opening it. "I had no right to -" I broke off.

My breath left my lungs, as though someone had punched me in the gut. I couldn't breath.

"You had no right to what?" He said. I just stared up at him, shocked. I went to slam the door in his face, but his hand shot out and stopped me. "Don't think so darlin'..." He said, an evil grin spreading across his face. He pushed the door open again. I stumbled back into the room, a scream stuck in my throat, fear coating my body.

"Come on vamp lover... Your coming with me."

© Amy Sagar

Chapter 13

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Thirteen

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Hope your all well =) I had a bit of trouble with this chapter, there was alot I wanted to write and what I needed to say, but I didn't want to bore you all... I hope you like it... Comments please, I love reading your comments and if any of you have any suggestions to make it better, please let me know... Vote =)

Chapter Thirteen

'I have to go to her.'

Dominic's body was rigid, his muscles locked in an attempt to keep away from her. From Elena.

He was in his sitting room in his manor, darkness cloaked him. He rarely turned on any lights, his eyes worked just fine in the dark, maybe even better that during the day.

The furniture around him was minimalistic. Just the bare essentials were what he needed. A sofa, a chair, a table, a phone and his laptop. The carpet a deep rouge. The walls were black. Bare, no pictures or photos anywhere, no trinkets or ornaments. Nothing that would show this space as his.

He'd been sitting there for the past three days, not sleeping. Not feeding. He was trying to keep himself from going to Elena, but it was proving hard.

She fascinated him. Her mind was captivating, confusing him and intriguing him at the same time. She had an innocence, a purity. Her musical voice caressed him, calmed him. Her voice was the most beautiful sound he'd ever heard in all his existence. Her full lips, small nose and deep chocolate eyes framed by her heart shaped face was classically beautiful, no woman could compare to her. Her smile

reignited his long dead heart. But it was her soul that held him, that rendered him powerless against her.

He'd never felt that way. Not in years.

His mind travelled back to his human life...

He had lived a long existence, being born in 1862 in England. His family had been wealthy, living in a large house, with horses and plenty of land and owning expensive things. The furniture had been lush, solid wood chairs and tables, wardrobes and bed frames. Silverware and fine crockery had been used with every meal. His family had had a maid to clean and do other household chores.

Dominic had grown up surrounded by a loving family, a beautiful home and locals who thought him a decent young man. His life had been a fairytale.

At the age of 25, he was a young man, experiencing life, travelling the world. He was well educated, adored by his friends and family and had such so much charisma, he would get whatever he wanted, whenever he wanted.

He was returning home after a trip to Scotland, visiting friends, when his life had changed.

Dominic had been in a pub. It had been a long day of travelling and he needed to shower and rest, so he's rented out a room for the night. The pub had been traditional for its time, full of loud people, talking, eating and drinking. It had been lit by candles and lanterns surrounding the walls and sitting in the middle of tables. The air had been stale, the smell of beer and sweat thick in the air. Men would be shameless, flirting with the females and the ladies would offer themselves to them for payment.

It was not the type of place Dominic would have visited, but his need of food and rest had won out. So, there he had sat, in a dimly lit corner, enjoying the 'ambiance'. He'd attempted to sleep, but the sounds of laughter and loud voices had roused him. He's given in and gone down.

As he sat there, he'd noticed a tall, slender frame in the shadows by the entrance. The figure seemed to be that of a woman, curved in all the right places, not broad or muscled. Shocking grey eyes had stared at

him from the hood. He had felted powerless against the woman's gaze as she'd walked over to him. All he could do was star at her.

She stopped at his table and extended her hand. "Come." She'd said simply. Her tone seductive.

Dominic had took her hand and stood, following the cloaked woman to the stairs leading to the guestrooms. They climbed the stairs and stopped outside his room. She had turned to him then. "May I come in?" She asked, laying a hand on his chest.

"Of course." Dominic's voice had been weak, submissive. He's not thought twice about letting her enter his room.

Dominic snapped himself out of his memories. He'd learned that they brought nothing but pain, remembering the life he'd lost, the family he'd had to leave, was too much to think about right now.

He stood from his chair and moved to the door, going out into the night, in search of his heart.

He walked into his carnivorous garage, walking past a Ferrari, a Porche and a highly tuned black

motorbike, until he reached his Aston Martin. It was by far his favourite car. It was sleek and sexy, powerful and luxurious. He loved driving it. It made him loose himself from the time the engine purred to life until it ended. He felt free in those precious moments.

The only other way he felt that way, was when he was around Elena.

He the car was zooming down the long lane of his drive, surrounded by trees and wildflowers, when a feeling of unease hit him and knocked the breathe out of his lungs.

He slammed his foot on the brake and the car squealed to a stop. Silence burnt Dominic's ears. It was unbearable. He hated silence, it made him feel lost.

Dominic knew where the feeling was coming from, he sensed it, knotted around his stomach and made him feel nauseous, not that he ever got sick. His gut told him something was wrong. His heart knew.

"Elena..." He breathed.

Dominic's mind cleared immediately, the treat of anything hurting Elena woke him up and had his foot planting down hard on the accelerator. The Aston Martin turned into nothing more than a spec, as it disappeared into the darkness.

Dominic came to a stop outside Elena's flat, the feeling that had flared within him earlier was back and it was stronger now. He felt emptiness meet him as he stepped out of the car and ran up the steps to the entrance hall of her flat.

He came to an abrupt halt. The smell that met him was one he knew already, had haunted him for years now. It was sickly, sour, but tinged with a sweetness that left Dominic's nose stinging. It's presence here meant one thing.

The hunters had her.

Dominic's heart tore in two as he followed Elena's fragrance and pushed open Elena's front door. A scene of utter ciaos met him.

A lamp lit the room dimly, a soft glow that would, in normal circumstances, have seemed warm and

welcoming. A chair lay on it's back and a table was upturned. Glass shards and fresh flowers carpeted the room, the phone laying on the floor, papers littered everywhere.

There had been a struggle and judging by the red smear on the cream carpet and the door, one of them was bleeding. Dominic wasn't breathing, the scene halting his body, shock and dread consumed him. He forced himself to take a deep breath to smell the blood.

Sweetness. A gloriously addicting flavour. Elena.

Dominic snarled as hatred filled him, his vision turned red, hasy and an all consuming need to kill took over his mind. 'Those bastards wouldn't be breathing for long.' He promised himself. They'd hurt Elena, intentionally or not. Dominic would tear them apart, limb by limb and smile as the lights left their eyes.

He tuned in his mind to the scene, listening for any clue's to help him. He was met with Elena's frantic thoughts.

'Oh my God! Please someone, help me! Anybody! Dominic. Please!' Dominic turned a ghostly white, whiter than his normal parlour. Hearing Elena's desperate plea's where too much for him. He searched again.

'Damn! What's a woman like this doing with the bloodsucking monster?! She's fine... Boss Man's gonna loooove playing around with his vixen.' His disgusting thoughts had Dominic screaming in outrage and pain. The images of Elena being held by them, by being touched by them, forced to do things to grisly to consider flooded his mind and had him gasping in pain. He wouldn't let anything further happen to her. He couldn't. She meant too much to him.

A quick flash of a building entered his mind then. An old white, wooden shack, surrounded by tree's, stood alone in a heavily wooded area.

He growled deep in his throat as he turned on his heel and stormed from the flat. He would find Elena and the men who had taken her. He wouldn't stop till they were dead... And Elena was safe in his arms.

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Chapter 14

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Fourteen

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Hello Dudes and Dudettes!!! Hope your all well =) I've had a very interesting week so far... I've been in and out of hospital, because I have diabetes, so that was fun... NOT! And yesterday, I got hit by an idiot on a bicycle and have hurt me wrist really bad, so I'm having trouble writing and typing... Sorry for the lateness of this chapter... Hope you enjoy it... More coming soon... Keep the comments coming, they're amazing and I love all of you!!! Vote xxx

Chapter Fourteen

Darkness surrounded me. Unintelligible voices drifted through my mind. I was shaking, from the cold I guessed.

I opened my eyes slowly, blinking through the haziness.

The room I was in was dark, small, damp and cold. It reminded me of a garden shed. The walls were wooden planks, nailed together, the floor wooden also, but had a muddy green carpet laid in the middle. It was caked in mud, stained in places, with what appeared to be blood.

I tried to reach up to my eyes, to rub them, but I couldn't move. I looked down at my body and fear seeped into my veins, freezing me. My arms were laying straight down either side of me. A thick rope tied around my upper body, melding my arms in place. I tried to remember as far back as I could, but it was like trying to see through thick fog. My head exploded in pain and I gasped from it.

My voice was muffled.

I tried to scream for help, but it came out as mush. There was a gag on my mouth, stopping my mouth reaching anyone who could have helped me.

As tears gathered in my eyes. I remembered something.

Willow. She'd come to my flat... I'd shouted at her and broken down... Later, I found her handbag by the sofa... She came back to get it... But it wasn't her...

It was...

"So... Fangirl is finally up. Bout bloody time." I looked up and saw a man entering the room. Shock and dread enveloped me. It was the man that had been at my flat. He'd wanted me to go with him. We had fought and he'd thrown me against the sofa, knocking it and me to the floor. I'd thrown a vase at him and he'd slapped me across the cheek, hard.

At the memory, I felt a pain gather in my cheek and started to sting and ache. I could taste blood in my mouth. The coppery tang made my stomach heave. He'd grappled me to the floor then, rolling us around

in the glass, cutting into our skin. I remembered trying to scream and beating at his chest.

And then just darkness.

I continued to stare up at him. His face was hard. He wasn't handsome, his mouth was too small for his face, his eyes were tilted slightly, an eerie blue coated them. His face was blemished. He looked to be in his late twenties. As he approached me, I tried to shuffle away. His body wasn't muscular, not even close, his arms like toothpicks and his legs like chopsticks.

"Aww... Come on now..." He drawled, running the back of his hand down my cheek. His touch was rough, like sandpaper over silk. I cringed at his touch and tried to turn away. "I thought we were getting along. You were enjoying yourself earlier..." He laughed darkly, evilly.

I tried to scream, but the gag stopped my voice carrying. "Hey! Stop that now!" He shouted, grabbing my hair and yanking my head to face his. We were separated by mere inches. His breath blew across my face and it was foul. Booze, cigarettes and something else I couldn't place. I screamed in fright and pain.

He just chuckled low. "I wouldn't hurt you if you behaved... But bad girls need to be punished... It's the only way they learn..." He said slowly, leaning into me and whispering in my ear.

My eyes widened and pictures of various scenario's ran through my mind. All the things he might do to me.

"Now, listen to me... Are you listening?" He released his hold on my head and grabbed my shoulders, shaking me so hard, my teeth knocked together. I just started to cry harder.

"Listen to me, NOW! Fucking fangbanger!" He shouted in my face. I screamed again, but stilled my body, trying not to fight back and provoke him more. I needed him to leave me and give me enough time to get free and run.

My breathing was ragged as he crouched infront of me. His face was pure madness. I thought that he might be deranged, or just plain crazy. His eyes were darker now, pure hate shone through them. His mouth was a tight line, his jaw clenched. "Listen... I don't want to hurt you, but I will if I need to... And it

wont take a lot to anger me..." He said, matter of factly. I didn't doubt that for a second.. I just sat and looked at him, my eyes puffy and wet from my tears.

"I need you to answer some questions for me. They're simple enough... If I remove the gag, do you swear to remain silent until I ask you to speak?" He asked, his voice, I guessed, was meant to be soft and reassuring, but it just sounded desperate and manic. I nodded slowly. If the gag was off, then I had one chance of escaping. The man reached into his inside jacket pocket and pulled out a retractable knife. It looked deadly and sharp, but the shine of the blade made it appear beautiful.

"I will kill you if you disobey me..." He threatened, eyes scoring mine with promise. I just nodded again. He reached up slowly and grabbed the gag. With a warning glance at me, he pulled it free of my mouth and left it hang around my neck. I took a deep breath, allowing more and more air to fill my lungs. He walked to the side of the small room we were in and grabbed a stool. He placed it infront of me and then lowered onto it.

"Okay, Elena right?" He asked, his eyebrows raising. I nodded, not wanting to speak yet. "Good, you listened" He said, a quick look of shocked surprise on his face, before it was replaced by his cold, menacing mask.

"I want to know if you know anyone by the name of Dominic? Dominic Castle?" He asked, his eyes now burning with curiosity. I didn't speak. I just waited for him to continue. "You can answer... Answer the question." He demanded.

"I don't know anyone by that name." I replied quietly, looking at him. My voice was weak and gravely. I sounded like I'd smoked five hundred cigarettes in one day. I'd always thought I was a good liar and hoped he wouldn't see through me.

He just looked at me for a few seconds before laughing softly, shaking his head.

"Elena... Elena, Elena, Elena..." He tsked. His tone was lifeless, his face blank. He stood and turned away. Fear engulfed me, I didn't think that was a good sign. My breathing began to speed up.

"You will learn..." He said softly. "Not to lie to me!" He shouted, turning to face me and striking me across the face with his hand.

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Chapter 15

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Fifteen

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Here it is people... What will happen??? This is one of the turning points, a major part of the story. I hope you love it! I loved writing this chapter, despite the aching wrist lol... It was worth it... Comment as always, I love you guys, your great, I feel like I know you =) Vote xxx

Chapter Fifteen

The hard slap he delivered to my face knocked every thought, every memory from my mind. As I slumped to the side, the ropes biting into my arms and my stomach, I felt darkness start to engulf me again. I welcomed it, embraced it with open arms.

I would rather let the darkness take me than stay with that foul, menacing, deranged monster.

I could something rushing around in the room, a sort of shuffling, then it sounded like it was raining in the room, heavy droplets of water hitting the floor, but I remained dry. I was confused until something cold touched every part of my body, stinging me.

I gasped and my eyes flew open.

The man, the monster, was standing infront of me, a bucket in his hands, breathing heavily, his chest rising and falling quickly. I was soaking, my clothes clinging to my body, my hair plastered to my face and back. I started to shiver and my teeth began chattering loudly in my mouth.

The monster stepped closer to me, dropping the bucket with a loud bang. "I wouldn't have had to do that if you'd just answered the question honestly..." He murmured, pushing my hair out of my eyes. I flinched and tried to turn away again, breathing in quick little gasps.

I felt defenceless like this and I hated it. Not being able to fight back or escape. I wanted out. I wanted to go back to my normal life, my boring life, before the night outside Sinners ever happened.

I froze at that thought.

No, I didn't want that. To want that would mean to want Dominic out of my life. 'He's not in your life.' My mind told me sharply. Yeah, that was true. He'd left... But I still had my memories of him and they were priceless to me.

"I'll ask again... Do you know Dominic Castle?" The monster asked firmly. He was standing behind me now. I didn't like this. I couldn't see him and it set me on edge. He could be doing anything and I wouldn't know.

"Last chance... I won't ask again... Dominic Castle. Know him or not?" He asked again.

I figured I couldn't see him, so he couldn't see me. I straightened up in my restraints and cleared my throat.

"I don't know anyone -" I didn't finish.

The gag that had been laying round my throat was know being pulled tight, cutting off my air supply. I jumped in response and started to fight his grip. I tried to tip the chair to make him let go. I tried making the chair fall backwards on top of him, hoping to break one of his bones or at least hurt him.

Nothing worked.

I was just using my air and energy. I was gasping, making choked sounds. Silent screams ripping from my mouth. My gag felt like it was tearing my throat in two. My eyes were wide, searching for something, anything to stop what was happening.

I found nothing.

I could just make out the monster, murmuring words in my ear, but I couldn't make out any of it.

I was crying now, tears running down my face. I wanted out, but not like this. I didn't want to leave my family. My friends. Dominic.

As I thought about Dominic, my sight started to blur. Clouds floated in my sight. The room looked like

more dark. More eerie. The dread and fright I felt was intensified.

'I don't want this! Please! Not like this! Someone please!'

My mind was screaming out, pleading into the dead night air for some relief from this pain. I knew no one could hear, or help.

I found myself wishing I could see Dominic one last time. To see his perfect features once more. His face. His body. To smell his rich aroma, the leather and dark spices. The woodlands that calmed her senses. To hear him beautiful, musical, deep voice again, speaking her name.

As my vision turned black and I felt myself float away, the pain finally eased. A dark silhouette appeared infront of me. An angel. Or God himself. I wasn't sure, but it didn't matter. With my last ounce of energy, I thought about the love I'd lost, and of how happy he'd made me.

'Dominic... I wish we could have had more time... I wish our lives were different, so we could be

together. Forever... I hope you find happiness and your place in the world... I hope you live on and on, so others can be blessed, as I have been, since I met you... I'll remember you always. I love you...'

Dominic's P.O.V

I found myself in the middle of a heavily wooded area.

All around me, there were tree's. The forest floor was littered with brown leaves and soil. The fresh air was clean and welcoming.

And exactly where I needed to be.

I could smell the bastard who had taken her.

I could smell her. Elena.

Her intoxicating fragrance lingered in the air. It was faint, but there. She was close.

I felt my cold heart miss a beat, as fear and an overwhelming sense of love washed through me. She was close and I was going to save her. I was going to take her away from this place. Away from these bastards.

No one would ever touch Elena again. Hell, if I could, no one would ever look at her again.

I started to follow her scent through the woods. I travelled as fast as I could. I came up to a old, rotting building.

It was small, made of wood. It had a single light shinning from the window. A dark van was standing just behind the shack.

I stopped and sniffed the air. I needed to know how many people were with Elena. If I was going to get her out, unharmed, I'd need to know where everyone was. I could smell her. The bastard who I was going to enjoy ripping apart. And the faint trace of another. It wasn't as strong as Elena's or the bastards, which meant he'd been and gone. This reassured me. It meant more time to enjoy my kill, to play with him a bit, before I finally allowed him to escape to the pits of Hell.

I started for the door, but froze as Elena's voice drifted into my mind.

"'Dominic... I wish we could have had more time... I wish our lives were different, so we could be together. Forever... I hope you find happiness and your place in the world... I hope you live on and on, so others can be blessed, as I have been, since I met you... I'll remember you always. I love you...'"

I roared in hatred as I tore down the door and saw Elena.

Her lifeless body lay slumped in a chair. Her arms and legs bound by thick ropes. Cloth fashioned as a gag lay from her neck, which was bruised and cut in places. Her beautiful face looked peaceful, her eyes closed, mouth parted slightly, fresh tears running down her cheeks. She had several cuts on her cheeks and forehead. Her hair was wet, slicked away from her face and falling down her back. Her clothes were torn, wet and muddy.

And behind her, smiling evilly, breathing heavily, was her murderer.

My enemy.

Scott Hanson.

"Oh, I'm sorry... You missed the party. What a shame... It's nice to see you again, Dominic." He sneered, lifting his head and squaring his shoulders. He was more pathetic than I remembered.

He'd tried to kill me before. His father was one of the heads of the Vampire Hunters, and had assigned him to finish me. I had spared him, as he was only a boy at the time.

I wouldn't make that mistake again.

I threw back my head and bellowed my rage. He had murdered Elena. The only woman he'd ever cared for, ever loved. He'd taken her from me and I'd be damned if he breathed for more than another second.

I launched myself across the room, grabbed his throat and threw him up against the wall.

"You fucking bastard! She had nothing to do with this! She was innocent! And you murdered her, you piece of shit!" I spit out at him, tightening my grip on his airway.

He was turning red. If I squeezed any harder, I could snap his neck.

"N-n-not inn-innoc-innocent..." He stuttered, gasping for air. I bared my fangs and screamed in his face.

"I'm gonna kill you! I'm gonna kill you and rip you apart! I may have spared you last time, but your end is here! Now!" I snarled, tilting his head to the side, baring his neck to me.

"M-m-my fath-father w-will f-find you..." He vowed, the lights in his eyes fading, his voice weak.

I paused for a moment and stared him in the eyes. I showed him all the hatred in my body, the pure determination for blood.

"And I'll enjoy taking his life too." I whispered, venom in my voice, and then I bit him. I didn't want any part of him in me, so I didn't drink.

I just ripped out his throat.

As his lifeless carcass fell down to the floor, fury took hold of me again and I found myself ripping him apart. His limbs, arms, legs, head. Ferocious growls

echoed around me as I threw his head to the floor, banging loudly on the wood panels.

Blood coated the floor and walls. My clothes were covered too. I ran my hand over my face and looked at my palm. Red. I was drenched in his filth.

I spun round and grabbed the ropes binding Elena, tearing them. Her body began to fall to the floor, but I took hold of her gently. I took her in my arms and looked at her face.

My life meant nothing without her. I needed her. I loved her.

Everything her mind had whispered, he felt too.

He bent his head to hers and kissed her lips lightly. Despite the wet clothes and hair, her mouth was warm. It filled him with heat as he walked outside into the night.

He needed her.

And he refused to let her go.

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Chapter 16

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Sixteen

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Okey dokey peeps... Bit of a cliffhanger last chapter, I'm sorry bout that lol... Loads of you are felling sorry for Elena, cause she's not having a good time at the moment. I'm not trying to torture her, I promise lol!!! I love Elena!!! Hope you like this one... Comments peeps, I love em!!! Vote xxx

Chapter Sixteen

'Everything's dark.'

'I'm cold.'

'Am I dead?'

Unanswerable questions were fading in and out of my consciousness. I found this weird, cause once your dead, your dead. Right? Your gone. You cease to exist. But there was no escaping it. My mind was still working. Maybe it is like this, I mean maybe everyone experiences this. Just cause the body doesn't work, doesn't mean the mind can't.

I was trying to find answers to the questions and getting nothing. I couldn't explain what was happening. This was unnerving and made me angry at the same time. I wanted answers and I wanted them now.

'Why aren't I in Heaven? Or am I going to Hell? Is this Limbo? Where are all the angel's? Aren't I meant to see a bright light? Where are the Pearly Gates? Or the Fires in the Underworld?' On and on. Never ending.

I wanted to scream.

I wanted to cry in pain. In sadness. In denial.

My life had been a waste. It had been good, don't get me wrong. A loving family, a few good friends, an okay job.

What am I talking about? I'd let it go by, unfulfilled.

My job sucked. Serving drunks every night wasn't what I wanted to be when I was younger. I wanted to be an actress or an author... Or a princess. That's every girls dream, not ending up twenty three years old, coming home smelling of beer and cigarette smoke.

And as far as friends go, I don't know what happened. I have always been kinda shy, but that didn't stop me meeting and befriending Willow... Or Dominic.

His name brought silence to my mind and I wanted to weep. It was quiet, finally, but there was a pain. I can't say it was a physical pain, because I couldn't feel my body. It was like a pain surrounding my essence. I was pain. It made me.

I pictured Dominic in my mind, if that's what it was. His perfect face, his amazing body. He calmed me and made me ache all at once. It was a huge relief to see him, even if it was just in my mind, but seeing him and knowing I could never actually see, in flesh and blood, killed me all over again.

I would give anything to be with him again, to feel his presence surround me. I hadn't had enough time with him. I didn't even know him well, but our souls knew each other, connected on a different level. It was more than love. I needed him. Since the moment I'd first seen him, in the alley, he had completed me. Every breath, ever thought, every action or inaction, was centred around that man.

I pictured him in my mind, fantasised about what could have been, tried to hear his voice, but I couldn't get it right. His voice was too beautiful, too musical. Deep and sexy, intoxicating and enticing. If I could just hear his voice, just once -

"Elena?"

I froze. The picture of Dominic disappeared, faded into darkness once more, but the echo of that voice remained. Dominic's voice. I'd finally found it, could revel in its effect on me. It made me want to cry. Hearing him, it was a bitter sweet torture.

"Elena? Can you hear me?" His voice was different. Worried. It laced the musical tone.

I smiled in my mind. This could only be made better if I knew it was him. That he was actually worried about me.

But... he'd left. I hadn't seen him in days, which felt like years. I knew he wouldn't have come back, even if I'd been in my flat still, waiting for him. He wouldn't have come to me.

"Elena?! Please... Can you hear me? Answer if you can?" His voice was firm, demanding, but still I could hear the fear.

'Yes...' My mind breathed. I don't know why I replied. This was just a dream, a fantasy. But I wanted to live it, even if it wasn't real. I needed to live one more moment with him.

"Oh Elena... Thank God! I tried to save you, my love, but you faded away... Don't fade away again! You stay with me, okay?" What was my mind saying? Tried to save me? Fade away?

I really needed help, this was weird. I'd lost it... My mind had unhinged. Because of everything that had happened, I'd gone insane. I guess it was a good job

I'd died. Saved my Dad and Stephen sending me to a padded cell.

"Elena?" He demanded.

'I faded away?' I asked. My voice was questioning, confused. I knew this wasn't real, but I had to make sense of what was happening.

"Yes, my love. I came as soon as I could. I'm so sorry I wasn't there sooner, that he got to you before I did." Fury emitted from his voice then. It made him sound harsh and scary.

I went cold, if I could, by his voice. It chilled me and memories flooded me. Memories of a past life now? Being kidnapped and questioned and hit and strangled. That monster in the room. His face formed in my mind and I wanted to scream in pain as an evil grin spread across his face.

"I'm so sorry..." Dominic's voice was weak, defeated. My heart broke apart at the sound. I could stand a lot, I'd proved that, but his voice... I couldn't take the tone of it...

'Don't be sorry Dominic... It's not your fault...'

"But it is! If I hadn't left... If my stupid pride hadn't gotten in the way, you'd still be here, with me..." His voice was breaking apart with pain and anguish.

'I would rather have had those few days knowing you, than an eternity without you...' I told him. My voice was strong and rang out with sincerity and love. I felt the truth in my words and it warmed me.

"You mean that?" Dominic asked, his voice confused.

'Of course... Dominic?'

"Elena, do you mean that?" His voice was stronger, demanding.

'Yes' I replied.

Silence stretched out for a few moments. I wondered if I was going to cross over now, into Heaven or Hell. If someone was going to appear. If I would disappear now.

"Elena... I can't live without you... I will do whatever it takes to make sure you stay with me... Do you understand?" He asked.

'Dominic?'

"I'm going to try to turn you..."

I was shocked into silence. I had fantasised about becoming a vampire, about living in darkness. Of spending eternity with Dominic. Could I handle it?

"Elena? Do you want this?"

'I'm scared Dominic...'

"Do you want this?!" He asked firmly.

'I want you...' I told him. There was no argument that I meant what I'd said, but my voice was weak, with fear, with longing.

"Shall I turn you, Elena? Think this through. I'm offering you an eternity with me... I'm cursing you to live off blood for the rest of your existence..."

I grew silent, thinking intensely. I wanted Dominic with ever fibre of my being. I wanted to live again, a second shot at life. Vampires were known to be sexy and alluring, so I was vain enough to not mind being more beautiful. They were known to have certain... powers or talents, so I wouldn't mind that.

My mind went back to the day in Black Velvet, when I'd seen Dominic. It had been light out, the sun shining brightly that day.

'How can you go out in sunlight?' I asked, confusion laced in my voice. I hadn't thought about it when it had happened, but now I was curious.

"The sunlight can harm my kind, but as long as you feed regularity and you remain strong, you can stand to be in direct sunlight for up to 5 hours. It drains you, saps at your strength, but its easy enough to replenish." He answered.

So, in return for drinking blood for the rest of my life, I could be with Dominic? I wouldn't actually have to kill people to drink their blood. I wouldn't be a monster. A murderer. That didn't sound too bad. It actually sounded amazing. I'd red enough vampire books, seen enough TV shows and movies about them, to know that, to a vampire, there is nothing that compares to tasting human blood. It's said to be like ambrosia. Heavenly.

"Elena?" Dominic asked, his voice tense, hesitant.

'Dominic... I want you for eternity... Turn me...'

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Chapter 17

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Seventeen

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Hiya peeps... Okay, first things first, I am SO SORRY for the delay with this chapter... I've been really busy with forms and stuff for University and just couldn't think, so I apologise. Also, this chapter is just for whycrytry aka Annie... She is an amazing friend and I love her... I think she has a thing for Dom, so hope she'll enjoy this lol... Comments people, good or bad, I love 'em... Votes are good too... Love you all, your awesome xxx

Chapter Seventeen

Dominic's POV

Elena lay on my bed. Despite everything that had happened to her, she was still the most beautiful person I'd ever seen.

Her hair was still tied up messily, dried dirt matting it in places. Her clothes, damp and ripped. Her face bruised and cut. I growled at what that piece of shit had done to her. Because of me, Elena had been hurt, not just physically, but emotionally. Because of me, her life would change for eternity. Because of me, her only chance at survival, was to become a vampire.

I didn't want that. I did, of course, want her, but the cost was too much. I'd made Elena think, hard, about this. It isn't as good as it sounds. Everyone in this modern world seems to think that being a vampire is 'cool'. The media have fluffed it up. But existing like I do, in darkness, alone, for eternity... It isn't fun.

Dominic's mind went back to the night his life had changed... forever.

The door had shut silently behind Dominic, as he'd removed his overcoat and laid it down on a chair beside the only window in the room. The room he'd rented was standard in that time. It was simple. A

bed, a bowl and a jug of water for washing, a bedpan and a table and chair for eating in your room. It was dark and smelt musty. It wasn't filthy, but it could have been improved.

Dominic turned to see the alluring woman lower her hood.

He gasped audibly.

She was breathtakingly beautiful. Honey blonde hair fell to her lower back and shone as bright as the sun in the dark room. It looked silky and soft, begging for a man to run his hands through it. Her face was like a goddess's, her eye's grey and sparkling, hypnotic. Her nose straight. Her cheeks rosy. Her lips, full and inviting.

She looked up at Dominic then, a slow smile curving her sensuous mouth. "You are very handsome..." She breathed, approaching Dominic. Her hips swayed as she moved across the room to stand before him. Dominic's heart rate had gone wild and his breathing ragged.

"Thank you..." he had replied weakly. His eyes were locked with hers and Dominic could only watch in awe as she had pressed her lips to his.

Her lips were soft, warm, gentle. She tasted of desire. Dark and sexy.

She sighed in approval as she stepped back. "You taste divine... Raw... Powerful... Just what I look for in my men..." She had started to circle him then, going to rest her hands on his shoulders, her chest meeting his back.

Dominic was frozen. Her touch... It paralysed him. He had never experienced anything like it and it made him weary. He had tried everything to move, even his fingers were stiff. Fear had seeped into him and made him panic. His eyes darted around the room, his breathing rapid.

"Shh... Don't fret. I'll be quick... You'll enjoy it too... I'm giving you a gift..." She breathed in his ear, placing her hand on his cheek and tilting his head until his neck was exposed. He had tried to fight, using all his strength to break free, but it was useless.

"There is no point in fighting me... I am far too strong and you are too weak... But don't worry, you'll be strong and newborn soon... A child of darkness, the rest of eternity for you to enjoy, pleasure's you can only imagine... You'll love it... Just relax." She murmured, her mouth at Dominic's throat, licking up his neck and kissing her way back. She breathed out in pleasure, a soft moan escaping her lips, before her teeth sank into his vulnerable skin.

i€'d shouted out, tearing myself from the nightmare. My breathing ragged, my chest raising and falling rapidly. A thin layer of sweat coated my body. I wiped at my face and the back of my neck, breathing slowly, trying to calm my heart rate. Memories of that night haunted my dreams and my conscious.

I'd accepted my fate long ago, but that doesn't mean I'm not bitter. I sometimes wish I could die, that I could finally rest, but vampires cannot kill themselves, so we cannot 'walk into the light' as it were.

I stared down at her and hated myself for what I was about to do. What I was about to take away from her.

But she had decided. Her life was hers, to do with what she wished. 'Who am I to decide her fate?' I thought to myself, thinking about how my own had been stolen from me.

I placed my hand on her cheek. It was cold, like pressing my palm against fresh snow. Her face was white as snow too. It made me ache, to see her like this. Like my heart and soul where frozen too.

I lay myself down next to Elena, taking her icy hand in mine and resting my forehead on hers. I breathed in deeply and was elated when I caught her fragrance. It wasn't strong, but it was defiantly there and it had my dead heart beating again. I smiled to myself and sighed deeply. "I wont loose you again, my love." I promised Elena and myself.

Never again would we be apart. I would never separate us because of my own stupidity. I'd lived a long life, forever alone. No more.

'But am I being selfish? Taking her life just so I will have company?' I thought. This would always linger in my mind. That I'd murdered the woman who'd

captured my heart and soul. What would stop Elena hating me in a century?

I forced myself to stop thinking about it. 'Elena had made up her mind!' I told myself firmly. I would do this and hope and pray she survived it and still cared for me afterwards.

I pressed my lips to hers and savoured the softness of them. "I won't survive if I loose you. I refuse to live without you... I love you, my Elena... Please forgive me..." I whispered softly against her mouth before kissing my way to her throat. I paused for a moment and prayed. Prayed for her survival. And mine.

Then, after kissing her once more, I bit her.

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Chapter 18

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Eighteen

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Okey dokey people... I gave you Chapter Seventeen yesterday after a long delay, so I thought I'd make it up to you by giving you Chapter Eighteen now lol... It's short, but sweet, and I hope you enjoy it... Comments are great, I love them, please write if you can... And please, press the little yellow button and vote for my story, it means alot xxx

Chapter Eighteen

The pain was unimaginable.

I had been surrounded in darkness, my fears and dreams still churning around me, when the centre of my being had exploded. A wildfire spreading through

me, scolding me, filling my veins with liquid heat. I felt like I was being ripped apart, piece by piece, slowly.

My mind screamed out in pain, in fear.

Dominic must have begun the turning.

I had had dreams about what this might feel like since I had started my little vampire obsession. Movies and books differed. Some appeared to be pleasurable experiences. Others more painful. Some where the victim was completely unaware of what was happening. But this... This was excruciating.

'How long would this last? Would I know when it's ending? What happens if I die?' Questions screamed out around me. Questions I had never asked Dominic, questions I should have been asking. I was so stupid. What was I getting myself into? I hadn't asked anything, not really, about what to expect.

But then, would I have agreed to this if I'd have known? I couldn't be sure.

Of course, I wanted to be with Dominic, in any way possible, but this pain... I felt like I couldn't stand

another minute and was pleasantly surprised when I did.

I was disappointed that Dominic's voice had silenced since the pain had begun. I could have really used his support. His voice calmed me, relaxed me. Maybe that beautiful, musical tone could ease the pain too.

The liquid fire felt like it was spreading through my body. I could tell where my hands would be, my feet, my forehead, if I could see myself. It was carving a path throughout me, branding its way as it went.

My body was on fire. I felt myself trembling, shaking uncontrollably. I was powerless to do anything to releave the pain. I could only feel. Could only scream out in silent protest.

I couldn't tell if my eyes were closed tightly and the black I was seeing was my eyelids, or if I was actually staring into some cavernous, dark cave. It was so unnerving, to not know where I was or be able to control my own body.

I felt like I'd been in this dark hell for days.

The pain was increasing and fading all at once. I couldn't explain it. I was beginning to feel comfortable with the pain, but going mad with it too. It was a horrible feeling.

Where my hands and feet where meant to be, the pain was easing, leaving a tingling sting in its place. My head was exploding in pain, my eyes uncomfortable, my jaw aching. The screams leaving me echoed around the darkness, hurting my ears. But the fire was strongest in my chest, right where my heart should rest. It was like the sun itself was inside me.

Dominic still hadn't spoken since the fire had spread through me. I was growing uneasy and scared. 'What if that was a bad sign? What if his silence meant I was gone? What if the pain I was experiencing was actually death, a punishment?' These thoughts lingered and made my madness swell.

I needed to escape. I couldn't stand this much longer, unless I wanted my mind to unhinge completely.

"Elena, my love?" Dominic's frantic voice echoed in the distance. It was the most heavenly sound I'd ever

heard. It sent a thrill through me and eased my mind. But did nothing to quench the pain.

'Dominic. It hurts. It hurts so much.' I groaned, pain and fear laced in my voice thickly.

"I know, my love, and I'm so sorry you have to experience it... I promise, it will be over soon." He crooned, soothing me further.

'How much longer? I can't take much more of this.' I wailed, the fire in my chest increasing further, leaving me gasping in pain. I feared my chest might explode.

"Another few minutes... The venom should be gathering in your heart right now, easing out of the rest of your body, feel it?"

Feel it? It was all I could do not to scream out in pain. The pain in my arms, legs and head where gone now, just a light tingling sensation remained. It wasn't painful, it was just mildly unpleasant. My chest felt like it was being ripped apart by millions of tiny knives and burning all at once. It was the worst pain

I had ever experienced. Probably the worst pain anyone had ever experienced.

"I'm right here Elena... I won't leave, okay? Your going to be fine... Trust me?" Dominic said, his tone loving and firm. I felt more in love with him than I ever had. Despite what I was experiencing, the pain and the fear, my mind was centred on the dark angel's voice echoing through my mind.

'I love you Dominic...' I breathed out as an overwhelming pain erupted inside me. I screamed out, the sound slicing through my head.

"I love you too Elena... More than you'll ever know... For the rest to eternity..."

And then his voice faded away as the pain in my chest exploded and my heart stopped beating.

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Chapter 19

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Nineteen

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Hellooooo... Sorry, it's late, I know =(It may not be as big as some of the others, and it may take me a bit to get into this story again, but here you go... If people don't want me to continue, then let me know... If you want more, tell me lol... Comments are great (when they're nice), so please leave some. Vote too please =D xxx

Chapter Nineteen

Sounds surrounded me. Things I'd never heard before. Things I couldn't place. I'd never heard anything like what was ringing in my ears now. It was... life. I could hear everything. Dust molecules

colliding above me, insects crawling around in the crawlspace in the room, birds wings flapping as they flew around outside. It was invigorating and off putting at the same time.

I felt light. I felt like air itself.

I could feel my limbs, my arms and legs, my fingers and toes. They were tingling, as if electricity was running through my body on a low voltage. I could feel something soft underneath me. 'A bed' I thought to myself, feeling the silk sheets on my palms and neck. It felt like running your hand under water. I was amazed that silk could feel any better.

I began to open my eyes, blinking and adjusting to the light in the room. There was a candle lit on either side of me. I was lying on a huge, four poster bed, in a dark room. It was a huge space, the walls were a dark, spicy red and the carpet was black. The furniture was dark oak wood, the bed, side tables and a set of drawers. Red velvet curtains that fell loosely to the floor framed a huge window, were a black leather seat sat underneath.

I began to sit up when the door to the room opened and Dominic walked in, holding a pile of material. I could tell they were clothes. Dark denim jeans, a red turtle neck jumper, a pair of black leather boots and underwear. My cold heart broke with comfort and joy, seeing him standing there, holding clothes for me.

Looking at him now was like looking through brand new eyes. He wasn't more attractive, or different in any way, but he glowed almost. His eyes were soft, looking at me, and sparkled like exotic gems. My pulse raced and hunger overwhelmed me. Not the 'I'm quite peckish' kind but the 'ooh la la' kind.

I could smell his hunger. His passion. I could see it. It shone brightly in his eyes and masked his face. He stepped further into the room and closed the door behind him, keeping his eyes locked on me. He walked towards the bed and placed the clothes at the foot of it, on the padded bench the stood there. Dominic walked around the bed and sat down beside me.

He didn't speak a word, just gazed at me. I wanted to thank him, to throw my arms around him and kiss every inch of his skin. I never wanted to be apart from him. I couldn't imagine it.

I began to speak, but as if he sensed it, Dominic placed a finger over my lips, freezing me. His skin was so soft and warm. That slight touch had my lips tingling and heating. My breath hitched in my throat and Dominic's eyes darkened.

"I love you..." He said, his voice the same, yet different again. I could hear the truth in his words now, and there was no doubt he meant them. Was this my gift?

"I love you too..." I said, placing my hand on his cheek. He leaned into my touch and closed his eyes, turning his face into my wrist and smelling me skin. He groaned and opened his eyes, looking at me.

They were a shade darker again. It was like looking into a starless night sky.

"You smell divine..." He murmured, his tongue running along the inside of my wrist. The heated

pleasure of this had me closing my eyes and my breath catching in my throat again. I felt his other hand run along my arm, up to my shoulder and snaking around my neck, holding me in place. Then his mouth was kissing the sensitive flesh under my ear, nibbling it slightly.

I moaned at the sensation and felt my body heating up. I turned my head into his hair and inhaled. I could smell a slight floral fragrance and a hint of something spicy and dark.

I placed my hand on his chest and pushed him back. My mind was screaming 'NOOO' but I couldn't help myself. My mind didn't control me know.

My thirst did.

I saw the heated, sensual look on Dominic's face as I pushed him down forcefully on the bed. He looked confused but that quickly disappeared and he looked damned sexy. I climbed on top of him, straddling his hips, as I placed my hands on his chest and lowered my head to his neck.

I inhaled deeply. The dark, spicy, addictive fragrance was most potent there. I groaned at the rich smell of it and itched for a taste. I licked along Dominic's neck and the taste exploded on my tongue. It was the darkest ambrosia. Heavenly, but forbidden.

I heard Dominic's breathing quicken and his hands moved to my hips, holding me. "Careful love... Don't let the thirst take over... Stay in control..." He breathed, barely audible to me. My mind was a clouded blur. I couldn't see clearly, hear properly. I could feel Dominic's warm, hard torso under me, his skin under my tongue. My taste buds we electrified, the only sense clear in my mind.

The need to drink my only goal.

My need to feed.

A red haze seeped into my vision as I felt an ache in my mouth. My jaw hurt in places, as if a dentist had ripped teeth out without numbing the gums first. I ran my tongue over the sensitive areas of my teeth and found sharp pointed fangs where there had been none before.

But that didn't matter right now.

I bent my head down to Dominic's neck again and breathed in his fragrance. That's what I need. I nibbled at his skin and heard him breathe in harshly, his body flexing under me. He held my hips tighter and kissed my collarbone.

"Love, please, you won't hurt me, but the thirst must not control you..." He half groaned against my skin. My mind was made up.

I needed this. I needed to feed, to quench the thirst.

"Mine..." I moaned and my fangs buried themselves in Dominic's neck.

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Chapter 20

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Twenty

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Hey peeps!!! Okay, first things first... I AM SO SORRY FOR YET ANOTHER DELAY FROM ME... The amount of work I have to get done for University is unbelievable, so most of my time is taken up doing that. I have no social life!!! But, I've got a thing on my phone, so I can do my stories on the go, horray!!!

Also, I'm thinking this might come to an end soon... I have another idea for this story, so do I do a sequal for you guys a few years down the line (in the story) or just keep it going??? You tell me...

Anyhoo, have a read, tell me what you think and comment and vote!!! xxx

Chapter Twenty

Dominic's POV (Flashback)

My body was electrified. My senses were alive and buzzing. My nerves tingled.

Seeing Elena awake and fine, lying in my bed, looking confused but unnaturally beautiful had my heartbeat racing and my blood heating.

She was perfection personified. She was still Elena, but different somehow. I couldn't explain the difference, but I knew it was there. It was like an artist had gone over her body and features and heightened them.

I loved Elena they way she had looked before, but I couldn't help but find her more alluring and attractive than before. Her hair looked shinier. Her eyes sparkled like diamonds. Her mouth fuller, begging to be kissed.

I hadn't been able to stop myself going to her. I wanted to hold her. Touch her. Kiss her.

And when she'd pinned me down and climbed on top of me, my heart had almost broke out of my chest. The most we'd shared was a passionate kiss, so for her to initiate something like that, I was powerless to resist.

And I didn't want to.

Elena had started breathing in my scent and tasting my skin. It was the most erotic thing I'd ever experienced. I wanted nothing more than to roll her onto her back and take control, kissing, tasting and feeling every inch of her luscious body.

The hunger is always the strongest when your first turned and when you haven't fed in a couple of days, so I expected her to be thirsty. Elena couldn't hurt me, she could weaken me considerably, but I would be able to stop her if she started feeding from me too much. So when she'd bitten through my skin to feed from my neck, I hadn't expected the surge of eroticism, of heat, of love that flowed through me.

I'd never felt anything like it...

(End of flashback)

Elena was moaning against my neck, quenching her thirst and trailing her hands up and down my chest. Trails of fire lingered after her touch, heating my body further.

I couldn't get enough air into my lungs. I was surrounded by heat, by Elena. I breathed in her essence, I lived off her. I was touching her wherever I could, her hands, her arms, her back, her thighs. It wasn't enough.

"Elena..." I breathed, grasping her head in my hands. I couldn't stand not being able to taste her lips. "Please love... I need you... Stop..." I said weakly. I was enjoying this experience too much, but I needed more.

Elena groaned against my neck and reluctantly eased her jaw open, releasing me. As soon as her mouth left my skin, I pulled her head down to mine and moulded our lips together in a kiss so passionate, my blood heated to liquid fire and my nerves her on high alert.

I rolled us over on the bed until Elena was underneath me, her lush body cushioning mine. I

could feel ever curve. Her hands were on my chest, unbuttoning my shirt swiftly. Her legs were tangling with mine. Her breasts were arched towards my chest, lightly brushing my skin. I groaned at the contact, the feel.

I had to have her.

Now.

Elena's POV

I couldn't get enough of him. The feel of his hard, muscular body pressing me into the mattress. His hands skimming along my arms, chest and waist. His lips on mine, kissing me into pure bliss.

He began nibbling down my cheek, to my throat and then to the hem of my shirt. He then pulled away from me and his eyes locked on mine. The glistening gems captivated me and I couldn't help the moan that escaped my mouth from the look of pure heat on his face.

I heard him chuckle. If I were still human, I imagine I wouldn't have.

He then trailed his hands to the bottom of my top, grasped it and then lifted it up and over my head.

The air was chilly, but it wasn't unpleasant. It was like stepping out of a hot shower and then the cold air cooling you down.

I saw, as well as heard, the reaction from Dominic at my chest lying bare on his bed. I was embarrassed and self conscious, so I reached to cover my breasts from his view. Dominic's hands formed shackles around my wrists and pulled them up and above my head. "No love... There is nothing to be afraid or nervous of... I'm here..." He crooned softly.

"I-I... I haven't done this in a while..." I said lamely.

"Don't worry..." He replied, smiling slightly. His hand covered my cheek and I leaned into his touch. "I love you... That's all that matters, okay?" Dominic murmured.

I smiled up at him, unable to believe that this dark angel was mine. That I never had to leave him and that I could appreciate him for eternity. "I love you

too..." I breathed as I reached for his shirt and pulled it over his head, giggling like a school girl.

Dominic's eyes were wide when the shirt had been thrown to the floor and a shocked looked was on his face. Then he laughed huskily and blinked down at me. "You're a vixen, you know that?"

"Yeah... And your sexy as hell! Get down her, Count..." I said breathlessly. His stomach was chiselled perfection, ripped. A trail of dark hair ran from his navel to disappear beneath his trousers. My hands ached to touch him. I just wanted to run my hands along his stomach. My lips over the delectable skin.

Dominic laughed again as he leaned down again and his bare chest met mine. I moaned at the eroticism of the feeling. His lips were at my ear, nibbling. "Your wish is my command, Countess..."

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Chapter 21

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Twenty One

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Okay... Here you lovely fans and readers go... Chapter Twenty One, yeay!!! This chapter is a little carefree, just showing the bliss Elena and Dominic feel with each other. This IS NOT the end, so don't panic... Comment and Vote you lovely people xxx

Chapter Twenty One

Dominic POV

It was late afternoon when I awoke. I could hear birds singing outside and cars travelling in the distance. The room was dark because of the heavy curtains blocking the sun out, but I could still see perfectly.

Elena was pressed up next to me, her back to my chest, with her head on my arm. She was a sight for sore eyes. So perfect. Her skin glowed, flawlessly. A halo of dark ringlet curls lay around her beautiful face, framing it. Her eyes were still closed, her cheeks flushed and a small smile tilted her lips.

My hands itched to run themselves along her jaw, through her hair and down her body. We had spent the better part of the night loving each other and talking. And I still hadn't had enough of her...

I would never get bored of her.

"You gonna just look at me or give me a good morning kiss?" Elena murmured sleepily as she rolled over to face me. She opened her eyes and they shone with wicked intent.

My breath caught in my throat, something Elena could do to me with just a glance. I heard her giggle softly as she wriggled closer to me still, resting her hand on my neck.

"Good morning..." She murmured as she brushed a soft kiss to my mouth. I groaned as her taste hit me

again and I couldn't help but rap my arms around her tightly.

She chuckled again and ran her hand down my spine. I shivered at her butterfly soft touch. I pulled back with a growl and bit her jaw gently, then her earlobe. I heard her sharp intake of breath and her hands came to tangle in my hair.

"Good morning, love..." I whispered in her ear, kissing the sensitive skin underneath.

"What a lovely way to wake up..." She murmured.

"Not as lovely as what I got from you last night..." I crooned.

I heard her giggle and then she pulled back, looking at me intently.

"Not to be a kill joy, but what do we do now? I mean... I know I'm staying with you, but my flat? My job? My friends and family?" She asked, looking concerned.

I placed my hand on her cheek and stroked her lower lip. "I don't expect you to give up anything for me. If you want to keep your job, that's fine... Your friends

and family... We will have to work around. You know we can only stand 5 hours of direct sunlight a day... As for your flat, I'd love you to sell it and move here, with me." I said. I meant every single word.

I wouldn't force her to lose things she liked doing or people she loved because of me. Though, I'd rather if she wanted to keep a job, it was at a safer club.

"Thank you, Dominic..." She whispered and she kissed me again. It wasn't overly passionate, or lustful, but it was filled with love and caring.

"Okay... So, first things first. We need to shower and dress. Then, we'll go by your flat and pick up your stuff. I'll go by the bank and deposit some money in your account..." I went on, but Elena silenced me with her hand over my mouth.

"No. I don't want your money, I have my own, okay?" She said firmly.

I tried to protest, but she just shot me a glare. I laughed and shook my head. "Okay... Okay. No money, I get it... But we're defiantly going to the housing agents to sell your place okay?" I bargained.

She looked at me thoughtfully for a moment then, looking torn.

"Okay, deal... But! You will NOT be buying me any expensive gifts or clothes... I'll just return them. I know you vamps, or we vamps rather..." I had to laugh at that. "You like spending money..." She finished looking embarrassed.

"Oh love... You'll learn... Over the years, money has come to mean little to me, and I've got so much of it that you'll just get the best you can... Including houses, cars and clothes... So, sorry, but you WILL be getting a Ferrari F430 for your Birthday-" Elena went to speak, but I just spoke over the top of her. " and a wardrobe full of all the ruffle skirts and corset tops you could ever need for Christmas!" I finished. Her face was shocked, eyes wide.

I struggled not to laugh at her expression.

"Dominic! You will not!" She stormed, climbing out of bed, her glorious body on show for me. She stood to the side of the huge bed and folded her arms over her chest, looking stern.

"I most certainly will!" I mimicked her tone, getting out of bed to stand before her. I saw her sharp intake of breath and her eyes went up and down my body, her tongue running over her bottom lip. I groaned at the seductive sight.

She noticed it and arched a brow. A look of pure evil on her face. "Okay... Thats fine with me..." She said, turning to walk to the en suite. "But don't even think you'll get to snuggle with me tonight if you do!" I squealed as she ran into the room, me close behind her. But she was too quick and locked the door on my startled face.

"You can't do that!" I complained, banging on the door. I could have ripped it off its hinges, but this game was too much fun.

I could hear her laughing from inside. "How couldn't you know that was coming?! You read minds!" She shouted between laughs.

I huffed and leaned against the wall, waiting for her to come out. She didn't know that I could control my power. Hear peoples thoughts when I wanted to. When I was desperate to. Ever since she'd changed

last night, I hadn't listened in on her thoughts. I wanted her to tell me things, not me go looking in her mind.

"Dom?" She shouted a few moments later.

"Elena?" I taunted back, earning another giggle. I loved her laugh. It was infectious.

"How do I use the shower?" She called. I laughed and shook my head. 'An undead vampiress, beautiful and strong, with powers beyond your wildest dreams... thwarted by a shower!' I thought to myself.

Classic.

"You'll have to let me in to show you..." I shouted back.

She was silent for a few seconds and then I heard the click of the lock.

I reacted quickly and had the door open and closed behind me, with Elena in my arms, before she had a chance to make a noise. I looked at her heatedly and she mimicked my look.

"If I promise no overly expensive gifts, will you let me love you?" I asked her huskily, nibbling her collarbone.

I heard her moan and then she wrapped her hands around my neck, holding me to her.

"How could I refuse?" She murmured.

I didn't think twice before we were in the shower, water running over our bodies, as we kissed and loved each other.

Moving her stuff would have to wait.

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Chapter 22

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Twenty Two

Sorry for the HUGE delay... This is short and sweet, and has a cliff hanger that some of you might find entertaining lol... Hope you like it... Comment and Vote =D x

Chapter Twenty Two

We were on the busy, crowded street, people rushing up and down the path, shopping and talking. Such normal everyday things, but it was strange to me now. Things I'd been doing, would be doing for eternity... and it confused me.

'Why rush?' I thought as a man, around my age... Well, my human age, I amended, ran past us up the street.

'Why waste life on anger?' I thought as an older woman screamed into her phone.

I guess it's just my new outlook, with my eternal life now.

Dominic tightened his grip on my waist and I looked up. We'd driven to my flat and collected something's. Clothes, books, CD's, DVD's, personal items my mum had given me. Dominic had arranged for the furniture and stuff we wouldn't need to be taken out and sold. Then he'd rung the local estate agents and put it up on the market.

Next, we'd gone to a exotic car dealership and, after a lot of 'persuasion' from Dominic, I'd caved and he'd bought me a Ferrari F430 Spyder. He'd arranged for them to make it 'more my style' and after discussing the car for half an hour, we'd left, me giddy and almost skipping. The car would be delivered in a few days and I couldn't wait.

He smiled at me and kissed my cheek softly, then trailed kisses down my neck. I bit my lip to hide a moan. I couldn't get enough of him, and the more I had him, the more I wanted him. My passion grew with ever look, touch and taste.

"Are you okay my love?" He asked, as we walked into Black Velvet, the shop a comfort to me.

"I'm great" I smiled. He chuckled and let me go.

"Good... Now shop!" He said. I turned away from him to look around the shop. In the far corner, I spotted something and started towards it.

An hour later, I had a whole new wardrobe, complete with skirts, tight jeans, corset dresses, band tee's, hoodies, underwear and black leather pants, that I might add had Dominic drooling. Along with the comfy sweats and various lounging clothes I had, I would be sorted, dress wise, for quite some time.

We were driving out of town, towards home, when my phone started ringing. It was late and we'd been out for three and a half hours, so we needed to get out of the sun. It was weird, having a limit on the

time I could spend outside, but I was grateful for any at all.

I went through my bag until I had my phone in hand. Looking at the caller ID, I saw my dad's number and picture.

"It's my dad..." I said, looking at Dominic. Panic rose in me. I didn't know how soon I could see my family. 'Would I look different to them? Sound different?'

"Answer it..." Dominic said, taking hold of my free hand and stroking my palm. I relaxed a degree and then breathed out, answering the call.

"Hello?" I said tensely.

"Elle?" My dad answered. My heart raced at the sound of his voice. I hadn't spoken to him in some time.

"Hi Dad... How's things?"

"Oh baby girl... I'm better now I can hear your voice... Where've you been hiding? And why is your flat up for sale?" His voice took on a firm edge at the end.

I looked over at Dom, who nodded slightly whilst keeping his eyes on the road.

"Um... I need to talk to you about that..." I started. I heard Dad breath out slowly on the other end of the line and could just imagine his face. He'd look tense, his jaw clenched, his brow knotted, his eyes stormy. "Okay, I'll just say it... Basically, I met this amazing man the other night who completely blew my breath away... He saved me from almost getting raped and now, I'm moving in with him and we're going to be together forever..." I finished, Dominic was shaking beside me and I looked to see his hand clamped over his mouth to stop giggles escaping.

My Dad was silent.

"Dad?"

Nothing.

"DAD!?"

"I want you to come over... Right now." His tone was emotionless. Shit. He was pissed off, big time.

"Dad, I -"

"NOW!"

"I'm sorry, but I can't... I-"

"You will get your ass here in the next thirty minutes, or I'm coming looking for you!" He threatened. I grew angry and started to shake, attempting to rein in my temper. I had never wanted to scream at my father so much. I knew he was controlling, but hell!

"You will not!" I countered. "I'm perfectly safe where I am and Dominic-"

"Dominic? Dominic who?" He said.

I was holding the phone one minute and then it was gone.

"Hello Sir... My name is Dominic Valentine-" My breathe caught in my throat at that. 'Valentine? Dominic Valentine... Elena Valentine...' I liked it. "I know your daughter... Yes Sir, it happened outside Sinners... Yes Sir, I dealt with him... I made her quit..."

I could hear my dad on the other end, firing questions at Dominic, who answered them and avoided others. I couldn't argue that Dominic had a

way with words. He could reassure a frantic person and soothe an angry crowd, his voice should come with a warning.

"About that Sir, we've had an extremely busy day and Elena is tired. She hasn't been feeling well for a few days-" I looked at him, but he had his eyes glued to the road, so I just rolled my eyes at him. "I'm taking her home now, but we could visit you tomorrow? Yes Sir... I promise Sir... Okay, nice speaking to you too Sir... Bye" And he ended the call with a grin.

"What have you done?!" I shouted, panicked.

He just turned to me and smiled. "I arranged for us to visit your father... I can't wait to meet my future father in law..." He said with a grin.

'NNNNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

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Chapter 23

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Twenty Three (PART ONE)

Hello =D Listen up, this is important... I'm putting this up, but it's got another part, so look out for part 2, okay.... THIS IS NOT THE FULL CHAPTER... My mum is kicking me off the laptop, grr!!! Anyhoo, comment and vote =D xxx

Chapter Twenty Three (Part One)

I'd begged and pleaded, used all of the ways I could think of to stop this from happening, but Dominic wouldn't be swayed. I'd even refused to go to his bed that night, but it hadn't worked. He'd jumped into every bed I went to, even the sofa. I'd caved in, but vowed I'd get him back for this.

We pulled up outside my fathers house at 12pm that afternoon. The house was old, but the good type. It was beautiful, with its huge bay windows and period features, like the solid oak door, that had an amazing carved picture on it. The drive was curved and met a gate at either end.

Dominic turned to me in the car and smiled. "Relax... Nothing's going to happen... We'll be here for no more than 2 hours, then I'm going to take you home and you'll have a surprise..." He said, leaning into my ear.

My pulse quickened and heat coursed through me. "What's my surprise?"

"Wait and see..." He murmured and then kissed me softly. "Come on..." He smiled as he got out the car and slammed the door shut. I took a deep breath and got out of the car, dreading what was coming.

"Elle?" I heard my father before I saw him. He came jogging out the front door and then stood frozen on the step. He looked young for a man of 57. His hair was greying and short. His face was the same as it was 10 years ago, hardly a wrinkle in sight. My father

was built, not as much as Dom, but enough to look feirce. After, and even before Mum had diesd, he'd always attracted the ladies. They wouldn't leave him alone. Whether it was Mrs Jones up the street who brought a casserole every week, or Ms Bent, the leader of the neighbourhood watch, coming around to ask for his services. I always wondered why he hadn't found someone else. But then again, could I if something happened to Dominic?

"Hiya Dad." I said, walking towards him. He looked confused and still hadn't moved.

"Elle? You look different somehow..." He said puzzeled. 'Shit!' I thought and glanced at Dom. He was smiling pleasantly. "Have you lost weight?" Dad blurted out. I was shocked and just stared at him. "No!" I squealed after a moment.

"Oh... Well, you look good..." He murmured. "Come on in... Dominic I presume?" He asked Dominic as we entered the house. Dad was looking over every inch of Dom, trying to find a fault I guessed. He'd be hard pressed to find one... Well, apart from if Dom was hungry...

Dominic shot me a look, reminding me he could hear my thoughts. I mouthed 'sorry' and then hid a giggle.

"Yes sir..." Dominic said, offering Dad his hand. They grasped eachothers hand and shook. I had the impression my Dad was trying to hurt Dom, trying to test him, but Dominic was hard to hurt, even by another vampire, let alone my 57 year old Dad.

"Mmm, well, its nice to meet you Dominic..."

"You too sir..."

"Call me Jack"

"Thank you Jack" Dominic said with a nod. This was going well so far, but it would get worse as soon as Dad got onto the subject of...

"So Elle, why wasn't I told that you got attacked? Almost raped! And could have easily got murdered!" He ended shouting at me. Even thought I was now an emmortal creature, with more strength than he could fathom, he still made me jump.

"Well, I wasn't raped and the guy hardly touched me..." I lied, trying to calm him down. "I don't care

what he didn't do! I'm your father! It's my job to keep you safe! You didn't even tell me it happened! I had to hear it out off his mouth..." He said, pointing a thumb at Dom, who stood in the doorway, his face hard and glaring at my father.

"I didn't tell you because there was nothing to tell!" My own anger was building now and I could smell my father's fragrance all through the house, which was igniting my thirst. "I knew you'd act like this! I'm fine! Dominic saved me!" I shouted back.

"Well, you're lucky he was there, or else you'd be with your Mother right now!" He shouted. I froze in shock and my eyes widened. Could vampire's cry? I felt like I was about to. Dominic was quickly at my side, holding me close. "Go to the bathroom, quickly... I'll be there in a moment..." He breathed in my ear, quiet enough for just me. I nodded and then left, without a glance at my father.

Dominic's POV

I watched Elena leave with a heavy heart. She was crushed by what her father had just said and I could see the tears forming in her eyes. She wouldn't

realise until she saw for herself, that she would now cry blood tears. I had to get her out of the room before her father noticed.

Jack was still stood in the middle of the room, shock and pain showing on his face. I felt sorry for him, immensely sorry, but that didn't excuse his behaviour towards Elena.

"Jack... That was... Elena struggles to talk about her Mother, even with me. I don't think that was appropriate... I am hugely sorry for you and your family, but -"

"I know... Please... Go see she's okay... And tell her I'm sorry for saying that..." He said weakly, walking to a chair and sinking down. He rested his head in his hands and I found myself uncomfortable, as if intruding on a private moment. Quietly, I walked from the room to find Elena.

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Chapter 24

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Twenty Three (PART 2)

Here is the next part of this chapter, I hope you like it... Comment and vote xxx

Chapter Twenty Three (PART 2)

Recap

"I know... Please... Go see she's okay... And tell her I'm sorry for saying that..." He said weakly, walking to a chair and sinking down. He rested his head in his hands and I found myself uncomfortable, as if intruding on a private moment. Quietly, I walked from the room to find Elena.

I followed her scent and found her in a bedroom. It was decorated simply and with pale colours. White flowers were in a vase on a dresser, but they weren't real, they were silk.

Elena's room.

"Come her love..." I murmured, holding my arms open for her. She turned towards me and her face was stained with blood. It ran from her eyes, down her cheeks and disapeared under her jaw. She looked in imsense pain, and though I knew that she wasn't physically hurt, it still tore my heart in two to see her like this.

A sob escaped her as she ran into my arms. I held her tight and stroked her hair, murmuring how much I loved her and how her fathers comment had hurt him too. A few minutes later, she was silent and still. She leaned back and looked up at me. I smiled at her and stroked her cheek.

"I cry blood now?" She asked, her voice like gravel.

"You saw?"

"I can smell it..." She whispered, licking her finger and running it along her cheek. She looked at her finger than, and found it coated in blood. She looked at me as I bent my head down and licked the blood from her finger. She looked puzzled at first and then smiled a little.

"Tasty?" She asked, laughing a little. I nodded but then added. "A little salty..."

She giggled and hugged me again. "Thank you for making me smile..."

"I'm always here for you... I won't let you be upset..." I said into her hair, smelling her unique fragrance.

She pulled back with a stern look on her face. "Mr Valentine? You wouldn't be smelling me, would you? Especially not in my fathers house?" She added playfully.

"Well, this is your childhood room..."

She looked down. "This was my mother and fathers room... He won't stay in here now..." She said quietly, looking around the room as though deep in thought.

So I was wrong. This was her mothers room. Of course she'd go somewhere that represented her mother after what Jack had said. I looked around the room and could almost hear the sounds of Elena, a young girl, playing with her mother and laughing. I looked over at Elena and saw that she looked like she was remembering her. She was smiling to merself and running her hand over the stuffed toys on the bed.

"Elena?"

She looked up startled. Then she cleared her throat and stepped forward. "I'll just go wash my face and we'll go back down..." She said and then walked out of the room. I sighed and followed her out.

Elena's POV

I never knew pain like this. Physical pain didn't compare. My father's words had cut me deep and awoken memories I'd buried long ago, memories I never wanted to visit again. I didn't really want to go back down to face my father again, but I couldn't prevent it, and Dominic had reassured me that we would have to leave soon anyway, so I took a deep

breath, washed my face and then went back downstairs.

I found him sitting in his chair, staring into a glass of whiskey. Two glasses were placed on the table, for us I assumed. He looked up and cleared his throat, looking away quickly.

"It's okay Jack... I told her... Just forget it..." Dominic said softly, looking intently at my father. He was trying to calm my dad and it looked like it was working. He relaxed into the chair and a small smile spread across his face.

"Elena, you look amazing... My beautiful girl... Come, sit here." He said, patting the cushion of the chair next to his. I went over to the chair and sat as Dad grabbed my hand. Dominic stood by the fireplace and smiled.

"Elle, this man-" He turned to look at Dominic. "Keep hold of him... He saved you when I wasn't there too, and I will always be in his debt... If you'd been hurt or... raped... or-" He couldn't finish, tears gathered in his eyes and he choked back his tears.

"Dad... I-"

"No honey, let me finish... We lost your Mother and it killed me... If I were to lose you too... I don't know what it would have done to me..." He said, looking at me with a pained face. I pulled him to me and hugged him closely. "I love you Dad..."

"Love you Elle..." He choked.

We sat for a while, holding each other and then Dad pulled back, smiling at me. He turned to Dominic then and looked like my big, protective, daddy. "Now listen here Dominic... This is my baby and I won't see her hurt by anyone... You treat her good and we'll be fine..." Dad said to him. Dominic chuckled and nodded.

"Then we'll be fine Jack, because I would never hurt your daughter, ever... She means more to me than my own life and I love her dearly." He said with all the passion and love in the world. I looked at him and felt myself fall for him all over again.

This was my life.

This was my man.

And I wouldn't change it for a thing...

AUTHORS NOTE: THIS IS NOT THE END... WAS JUST FEELING EMOTIONAL lol...

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Chapter 25

Dreams of the Heart (A Dark Vampire Romance) ~ Chapter Twenty Four

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Hiya people... I am hugely sorry for the delay, had a major case of writers block, sorry =(. . .

Anyway, here is another chapter for you, a nice cute one, hope you like it . . .

I'm thinking of ending this one and starting a sequal soon, so give me your opinions down there V lol . . .

Comment, vote, fan me, whatever . . . Hope you like it =D

Chapter Twenty Four

We'd spent the next hour or so talking about my childhood, the very few boyfriends I'd had and all the

most embarrassing moments of my life. I was grateful that Dad didn't pull out the family photo album and show Dominic my baby photo's, especially the one of me naked in the bath. That would have just been beyond embarrassing.

We drove home and listened to the purr of the engine and the soft music in the background. We didn't need to talk, it was enough to hold hands over the center console of the car and look at eachother from time to time. Sometimes, words just weren't needed.

We pulled up the drive and I saw a truck parked by the front door, the driver leaning against the side with a cigarette in his mouth. He looked your typical delivery guy, clipboard under his arm, white t-shirt, jeans and worker boots.

Dominic pulled up at the house and I heard him chuckle. "What?" I asked, looking into his profile. He just shook his head and opened his door. "Your gonna love this..." He murmured, as his door closed and he began walking towards the guy by the truck.

Confused and a little curious, I got out of the car and then went over to the men, who were talking quietly

by the back. There was no information on the side of the truck, so I had no idea who the man was delivering for, so as a result, no idea what was inside the truck.

As I neared Dom and the driver, they both looked at me and stopped talking, the man going to the doors at the back and Dominic grasping my hand. "Come on love..." He said, a smile on his face, eyes sparkling.

"Dominic? What are you-"

The sound of a low purring noise had be freezing on the spot and for a milisecond, I thought there was a lion in the back of the truck, but then the sound registered and I gasped. "No..." I breathed, looking into Dominic's face. He just laughed and tucked me tight under his arm, pulling me to the back of the truck.

There was a ramp proped on the bed of the truck, the doors swung open. I tried to look inside, but Dom held me back, running a pattern with his finger over my shoulder. I looked up at him again, pleading with my eyes, to see the car.

"I thought you didn't want it?" He asked softly, kissing my jaw. I moaned a little, promising myself that I would thank Dominic properly later, when we were alone. "Please?" I begged.

Dominic looked at me, staring straight into my soul for a heartbeat and then shouted. "Alright! Come on!"

I heard an engine purr to life and then stood in awed shock, as a dark grey Ferarri F430 Spyder, my dark grey F430 Spyder, came down the ramp. I shrieked in shock and jogged to the drivers door. The delivery guy stepped out and smiled at me. "Its an amazing car, but a little too feminine for me..." He chuckled at my confused expression and walked to Dominic. They started talking softly, so I decided to take a look inside.

The seats were pleated material, grey, black and pink, finished off with a skull with a bow embezzled into the headrest. The dash was black, with gadgets I didn't want to touch incase I broke the car. There was an amazing stereo system and I knew how the worked, so I pulled out my iPod and started copying files to the cars stereo memory. After it finished, I

went through the songs, untill I found Placebo, Running up that Hill. The song blasted through the speakers and I started giggling.

"Having fun?" I turned to see Dominic leaning into the car, bent at the waist. A smile was plastered on his face and he looked like a god.

"You're amazing, you know that?" I said, turning the stereo off and taking the key as I got out. As I closed the door, Dominic took me into his arms, his warmth and love absorbing me and making me feel whole. "What did I ever do to deserve you?" I murmured, looking into the face of the man I love.

How could I have been so lucky? After countless bad dates and horrible partners, I'd found the perfect man, my match. The only one I could ever imagine spending the rest of my life with. Eternity with. Dominic was a vampire when I met him, and to some, that would be terrifying and deserve a good scream and a stint in a mental clinic. But for me, he has always been kind, considerate, giving, loving and sexy. What else could a girl need?

Or vampire, I should say...

Dominic pulled me tighter against him and stared down at me. His eyes glittered with love. "Elena, I am the lucky one... When I met you, I was a dark creature. Death and life meant little to me. But you've awakened me and shown me what true living can be like, something I'd long forgotten... I love you, from now until forever..." He murmured, lowering his head to mine. Our lips met and passion burst inside me.

I drowned in the building inferno until I had to pull back to collect myself. I looked around, a little disorientated, and saw the man and his truck were gone. I looked puzzled up at Dominic, who chuckled and started walking us indoors. "He left whilst you were playing in your new toy..." He said, shutting us in together.

I turned at the foot of the stairs and put my hands on my hips. "Really?"

"Yes..." He said, prowling towards me. I giggled as he neared me and circled me, our bodies only a hairs width apart. I could feel sparks shoot between us and my body hummed with life. "Speaking of, do you like

the car?" He asked, standing behind me. He nibbled the skin by my ear and I melted into him.

"Yes..." I breathed, trying to control myself.

Dominic made a noise, a growl and kissed my neck. "And... How are you going to pay me back for my kindness?" He murmured, walking slowly around to face me. His face had gone from beautiful and loving, to lusty and sinful in those few milliseconds. His eyes were alive, travelling over my body, leaving trails of fire in their wake.

"Hmm... Well, I guess I should say thank you..." I breathed, going on my tip toes to kiss him. Just as our lips were about to touch, I turned my face and spun, heading up the stairs. "But you'll have to catch me first!" I squealed, sprinting as fast as I could.

I heard Dominic make an erotic growl and then he was after me, taking the stairs two at a time. He looked like a man on a mission, a hunter after its prey.

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About the Author

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